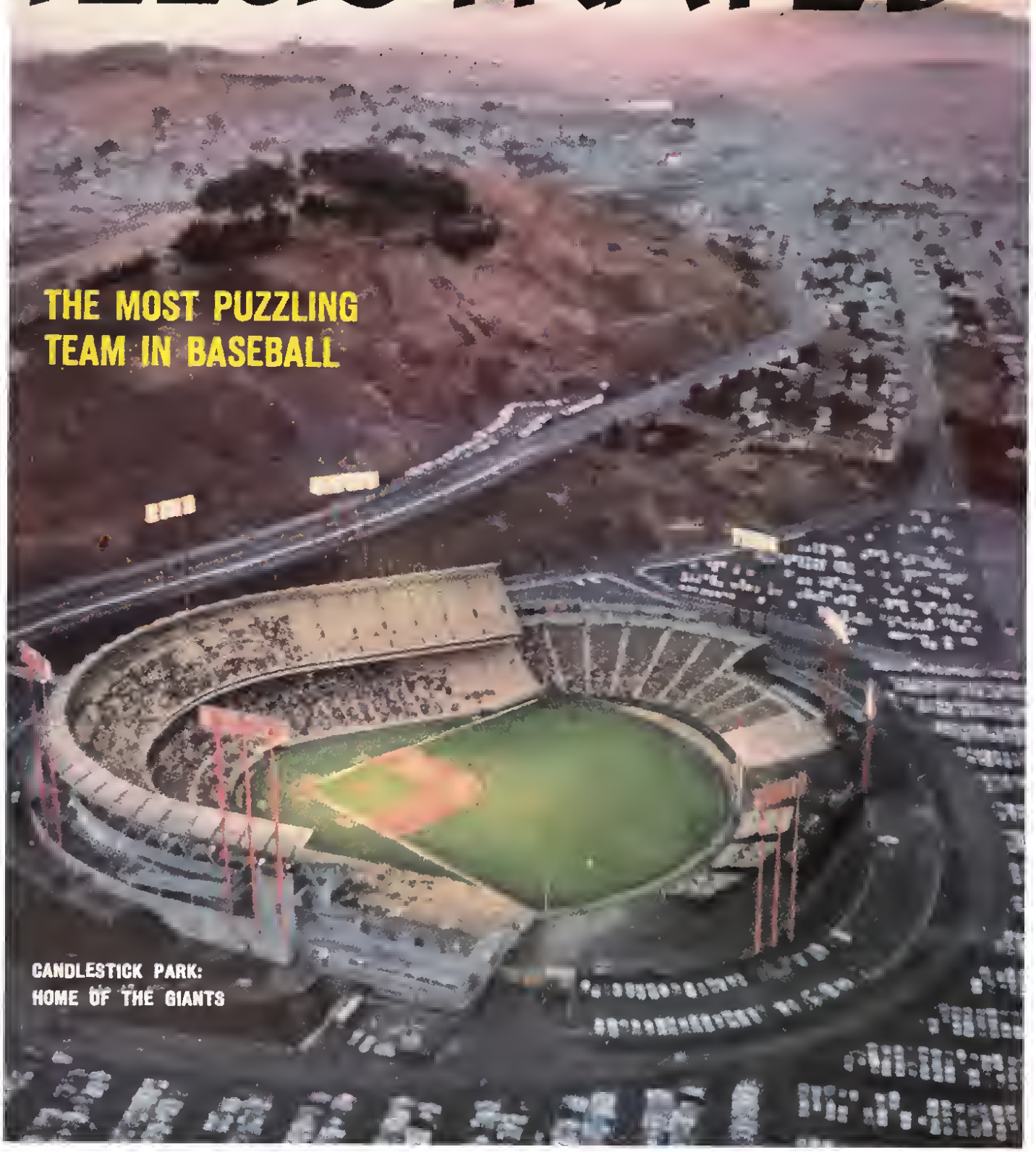
JULY 18, 1960

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS




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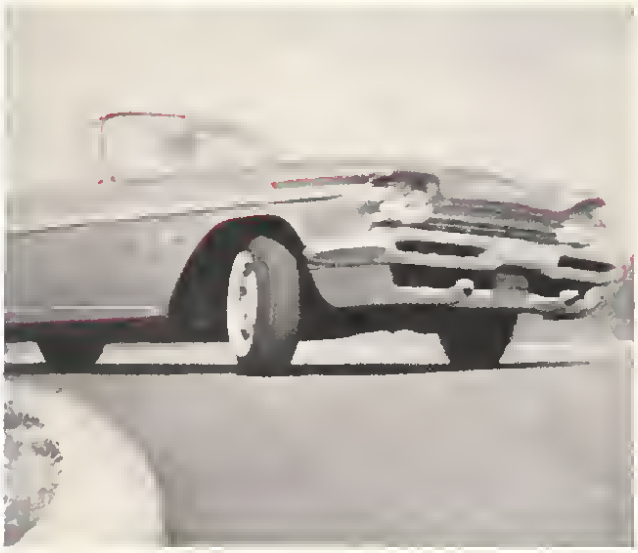
WHAT'S NEWS IN RUBBER



ON THE FAIRWAYS...



ON THE WATERWAYS...



ON THE HIGHWAYS...



ON THE PLAYING FIELDS...

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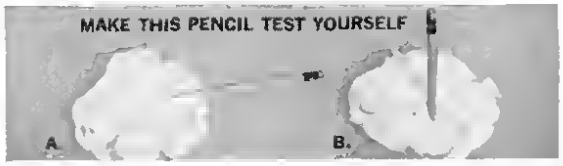


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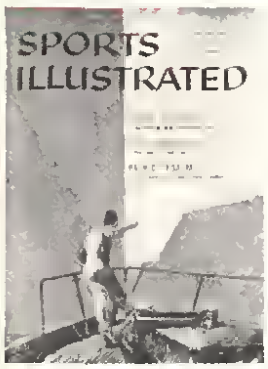


Cover: Candlestick Park ▶

Candlestick Park may look beautiful at sunset, but the team that plays there, the star-studded San Francisco Giants, has been performing like baseball's sad sacks.

Photograph by John G Zimmerman

Next week



▶ The bright hulls and shifting colors of the sky and sea at the annual Southern California Regatta are captured in a series of paintings by Artist-Sailor Henry Koehler.

▶ Dressage is the horse world's most esoteric sport, and California's Trish Galvin is its best amateur. Alice Higgins reports how the 21-year-old beauty got to the top.

▶ Every year hundreds of tenderfooted humans push boldly into the darkness of the Quetico-Superior wilderness, home of the wolf and the bobcat. Jack Olsen tells why.

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YEAR

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SCORECARD

Events and Discoveries of the Week

SPY STORY

For weeks, National Leaguers had known that Charley Dressen's Milwaukee Braves were extraordinarily gifted at guessing what pitch was coming next. Was it psychokinesis? Masculine intuition? Dumb luck? It wss none of those. The Braves had been engaging in dirty pool.

The case was cracked in Chicago. Wrigley Field's bleachers, like bleachers everywhere, are the happy haunt of those odds characters, the gamblers. Now if there's anything gamblers can't abide, it's a fix (unless it's their *own* fix). One of the gamblers spotted Milwaukee Pitchers Bob Buhl and Joey Jay seated in their midst, stealing Cub Catcher Elvin Tappe's signals with binoculars, and flashing signals to the batters with a scorecard semaphore.

One of the bleacherites tipped the Cubs' bullpen, and now the news is all over the league. With remarkable charity, most National Leaguers say they doubt that Dressen knew anything about the spying. Wonder where he thought Buhl and Jay were spending the afternoon?

THE QUALITY OF MERSITY

The big football yell at Rice had always been:

Rooty toot toot, rooty toot toot,
We're the boys from the institute.

But now Rice is a university instead of an institute. What to do about the old yell? John Fowler, poet laureate of Rice University, fell on the problem like the gentle rain from heaven. His new yell:

Rooty toot toot, rooty toot tersity,
We're the boys from the university.

RICKEY VS. BROWN

In the red glare of the Bessemers, in Pittsburgh's smart cafes, in the bleachers at Forbes Field, the argument continues: Who really built the Pirates—Branch Rickey or Joe Brown?

That such a debate could go on is itself a reflection of changed times. The scrubbed and clean new city has a scrubbed and clean new ball club, solidly leading the league. And now that there is credit to dispense, who gets it?

Well—Rickey signed and brought up four players, Face, Groat, Clemente and Skinner. Rickey signed Daniels, Mazeroski, Stuart, Christopher and Green, and Brown brought them up. Brown, on his own, signed and brought up Oldis, Umbricht, Gibbon and Nelson and traded for Smith, Virdon, Cimoli, Giel, Mizell, Burgess, Schofield, Hoak, Baker and Haddix.

From here, it looks like Pittsburgh would have to bring up a Philadelphia lawyer to determine responsibility for Pirate success.

PERILS OF JOURNALISM

Intrepid Harvey (Bud) Boyd, his intrepid wife Betty and his three intrepid children (aged 8, 12 and 15) are at this very moment tucked away unsafely in the deep wilds of northern California, there to conduct a hazardous experiment. Boyd, outdoor writer for the San Francisco *Chronicle*, is trying to find out what might happen to "the last family on earth."

To spice up the little game, the happy family group has taken along only one ax, five pocketknives, a 50-foot length of clotbesline, the clothes on their backs, a ball of twine and a box of salt. No food, tents, sleeping bags, utensils, soap, coffee, matches, cigarettes or Martinis. They have one gun, but it is sealed, and if the seal is broken, Boyd will deem the trip a "failure."

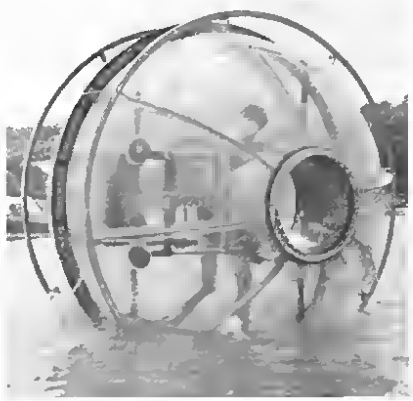
Most Americans would find it difficult to survive at Broadway and 42nd Street with such limited equipment, but the Boyds have tried to make a bad situation even worse. They deliberately selected a spot inaccessible by car or plane and abounding with bears, mountain lions and spooky calls in the night. Another good thing about the site, Boyd observed before leaving, is that the fishing is rotten.

If all goes well, the Boyds will come out in six weeks. The world can only watch and hope. Five Boyds have walked into the wilds; will five Boyds walk out?

A WALK ON THE WATER

Wayne E. Wilson is a 59-year-old draftsman who laughs constantly, acts on impulse and in general has a high old time. One day he was riding along Pennsylvania's Susquehanna River "and the water looked so nice, I just visualized a bubble and me inside of it."

So Wilson went back to his home in York, Pa. and built a bubble with him inside of it. The bubble was just a happy whim, but suddenly Wilson found himself with a boat which opened up uncharted waters. The Wilson Water Trotter is a plastic bubble 80 inches in diameter, with



WILSON IN HIS BUBBLE

two holes for entrance and air. Wilson gets inside, and wondrous things happen. He explains:

"Wherever my feet are, that's the center of gravity. So that part is on the bottom. If any other part happens to get on the bottom, I just shift my feet. I move it by walking around inside it, just like a squirrel in a treadmill. As for steering, when I want to go to the right, I just walk to the right of the center line, and the bubble automatically leans on its axis and it goes that way."

To prove the bubble's safety (it is all but unsinkable), Wilson already has run the dangerous Lachine Rapids near Montreal and now intends to shoot the entire Colorado River. After that, he plans to go adventuring in places like Florida's Okefenokee

Swamp, the Everglades and the Great Barrier Reef of Australia.

"I can walk right up to a gator," Wilson says, "and look him in the eye, and he can't do anything to me. Big boats can't get inside the Great Barrier Reef, but I can. They're supposed to have giant man-eating clams and moray eels. I'd also like to go to the waters around Cuba that they say are full of sharks. Wouldn't it be the nuts to walk in among all of those man-eaters?"

THE SATURDAY AFTERNOON FIGHTS

When National Football League players get into fights, television cameras —by league rule—gently pan over the crowd, the scoreboard and anything except the brawl. "Tsk tsk," the announcer says, "there's a little disturbance down on the field, and now a word about Scrunchies, the new filter-tip cereal."

This annoying situation will not obtain in the new American Football League. Commissioner Joe Foss, the Marine hero of Guadalcanal, has ruled that viewers are entitled to see the same rumbles as the fans on the scene. *Semper fidelis.*

BAD FIELD, NO HIT

Sometimes history pays too little attention to losers, such as the Parmer Ave. Beavers of Nashville, Tenn. The Beavers are a bunch of kids who weren't good enough to make any of the dozens of Little League teams around town. A young lawyer named Perry Nochlin molded them into a beatable combination and the Beavers now have lost three games: 6–30, 5–17 and 4–9. They field not, neither do they hit, but they have a happy time. Which, come to think of it, is what kid baseball used to be all about.

ANOTHER NEW LEAGUE

After much soul-searching, analyzing and study, eight western colleges have decided to form a new collegiate conference. The reasons vary.

Oregon, Washington State and Oregon State don't like operating as independents. Arizona and Arizona State want better-rounded programs than they can get in the Border Conference. Utah, Brigham Young and New Mexico feel they can enhance their prestige by joining the new league.

Except for football, the new conference is likely to be the strongest in the West. Utah and BYU are top-rated in basketball; Arizona and Arizona State are strong in baseball; and in track, Oregon and Oregon State finished third and fourth in the NCAA.

The conference as yet has no official name, but Frank Gianelli of the *Arizona Republic* has come up with a nickname certain to stick: the Levi League.

COUP DE GRASS

Maclin Davis of Nashville mowed over a golf ball while cutting his lawn, flipped the ball into his poodle, broke the dog's right rear leg. He explained to his friends: "It was a short dog-leg to the right."

CAST OF CHARACTERS

President Eisenhower, warming up for a round of golf at Newport, R.I., commented: "There's a new thing I think we ought to get into golf, and that is an extra hole, a long one, about a par six, with every possible shot in it, so everybody would have to play it and use everything—and not count it." . . . One Wimbledon press-box resident to another, on being asked if Queen Elizabeth ever shows up for the matches: "When the Queen comes to Wimbledon, it will be because the net has been raised six feet and all the players have been mounted on horses." . . . Milwaukee's Hank Aaron predicted the Braves soon would pass Pittsburgh "like a jet." Pirate Third Baseman Don Hoak answered: "The next time Aaron slides into third base, I might just tag him in the teeth so hard he'll think there's a crap game going on in his mouth." . . . Richard T. Cooper, confessed strangler of two women, went to the gas chamber in California last week after pronouncing these last words: "I'm very unhappy about the Giants. I didn't think Bill Rigney knew very much, but I don't think Tom Sheehan knows anything at all." . . . Jeb Wofford, the Kansas horseman who fought the U.S. Equestrian Team for five years before losing his battle to make the Olympic three-day squad (SI, July 11), sportingly offered his three excellent mounts to the short-horsed team. Probable lineup: David Lurie will take Tingling to Rome, and Walter Staley will start with either Pat's Sister or Tres Puissant.

FACES IN THE CROWD



JEANNIE FRANZ, 15, of Bartlesville, Okla., representing the Phillips 66 Swim Club, took the National Junior Championship in the women's 200-meter freestyle, stroked the distance in 2:38.9 in the AAU meet at Albuquerque's Kirtland AFB.



DICK METZ, 52, currently a Texas rancher, rallied to capture three of the last four holes in the 36-hole final, defeated Britain's Reg Horne, 51, a former Ryder Cup player, 2 and 1 for the World Senior Golf Championship at Gleneagles, Scotland.



VICTORIA PALMER, 15-year-old tennis star from Phoenix, Ariz., won the women's hard court singles championship in national junior category (for girls 18 and under) at Burlingame, Calif., then teamed with Laurie Calloway of Phoenix to add doubles title.



JOHNNY ISACS, Princeton University junior, scored one of angling's rare doubles when he landed a 362-pound swordfish on first outing of year from Montauk (L.I.) Deep Sea Fishing Club, 24 hours later tried again, brought in a 483-pound swordfish.



LARRY HILLMAN, National Hockey League defenseman recently acquired by the Toronto Maple Leaf club, switched sports with the season, pitched a perfect no-hit game for the Joe Dash Red Raiders in a district softball game at New Liskeard, Ont.



AL BALOING of Toronto shot a 64 to break course record by one stroke in opening round of Canadian Open Golf Championship at St. George's Club in Toronto, subsequently finished with a 284 four-round total, 15 strokes behind winner Art Wall Jr.



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COMING EVENTS

July 15 to July 21
All times are E D T.

★ *Color television* ◉ *Television* ■ *Network radio*

Friday, July 15

SWIMMING
U.S. Women's Outdoor Champs., Indianapolis (through July 17).
U.S. Synchronized Champs., Hartford, Conn. (through July 17).

TENNIS
U S vs Canada, Davis Cup tie, Quebec City (through July 17).

Saturday, July 16

BASEBALL
◉ Baltimore at Chicago (CBS).*
■ Cincinnati at Pittsburgh (Mutual).*
◉ Los Angeles at San Francisco (ABC).*
◉ New York at Detroit (NBC).*

BOATING
Larchmont Race Week, Larchmont, N.Y. (through July 23)
Port Huron-Mackinac Island sailing race, Port Huron, Mich.

CANOEING
U S final Olympic men's and women's trials, Lake Sebago, N.Y. (also July 17).

HARNESS RACING
American-National Stake pace, $55,000, Cicero, Ill.

HORSE RACING
◉ Hollywood Gold Cup, $162,100, Hollywood Park, Calif. (CBS-TV Pacific).*
◉ Monmouth Handicap, $100,000 added, Monmouth Park, N.J. (NBC).*
Equipoise Mile, $50,000 added, Arlington Park, Ill.
The Oaks, $50,000 added, Delaware Park, Del.

MOTOR SPORTS
SCCA natl. races, Castle Rock, Colo. (also July 17).

TRACK & FIELD
U.S. final Olympic women's trials, Abilene, Texas
U.S. Pentathlon Champs., Kansas City, Mo.

Sunday, July 17

BASEBALL
◉ Baltimore at Chicago (CBS-TV, Mutual-
■ radio).*
◉ New York at Detroit (NBC).*

WALKING
U S. 20-km. champs. and final Olympic trials, Baltimore.

Monday, July 18

SHOOTING
U S. final Olympic trials, Fort Benning, Ga. (through August 4)

TENNIS
USLTA Clay Court Champs., River Forest, Ill. (through July 24).
USLTA Boys & Girls 13 and 11 Champs., Chattanooga (through July 24).

Tuesday, July 19

HARNESS RACING
Princess Pace, $33,000, Yonkers, N.Y.

Wednesday, July 20

BASEBALL
■ Washington at Detroit (Mutual).*

BOATING
U S. final Olympic trials, Star class, Atlantic Highlands, N.J. (through July 23)

BOXING
◉ Ray vs Ryan, light heavies, 10 rds., Chicago, 10 p.m. (ABC).

HORSE RACING
Arlington Lassie, $50,000 added, Arlington Park, Ill.

MODERN PENTATHLON
U.S. final Olympic trials, Fort Sam Houston, Texas (through July 24).

Thursday, July 21

BASEBALL
■ Chicago at Cincinnati (Mutual).*

GOLF
PGA Championship, $50,000, Akron, Ohio (through July 24).
USGA Women's Open Championship, Worcester, Mass. (through July 23).

HARNESS RACING
Empire Pace, $120,000, Yonkers, N.Y.

* See local listing

MEMO *from the publisher*

THE OLYMPIC GAMES, the greatest of all sports events, are hardly more than a month away. They call for preparations—of many kinds and by many people. For the U.S. Olympic Committee the preparations are both logistical and expensive. For the editors of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED the job, of course, is to keep our readers informed. It started many weeks ago, and it will continue until the Olympic flag is raised. The best preparations include also a review of what has happened in the past. To reduce this historical problem to its simplest terms, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has again compiled an Olympic Fact Wheel. At a spin it discloses the records and the record holders in swimming and track and field, the winners in the last Olympics and a notable bonus of other information.



I'll be glad to send you one. It costs a dollar—and the dollar (all of it) goes to the U.S. Olympic Fund, which can use it well. For among the thousands from America who will be in Rome next month are more than 425 members of the U.S. Olympic team.

Sidney L. James

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...closest thing to a second shave

EDITORIAL

TENNIS FACES BACKWARD

The powers that rule international tennis last week encountered the same kind of frustration that often besets their political counterparts in the United Nations, and for much the same reason. The International Lawn Tennis Federation, like the U.N., is ordered by a set of rules deliberately designed to favor the status quo and discourage even constructive change.

Although it is not quite as lethal as the U.N.'s veto, the fact that a two-thirds majority is required to carry legislation in the ILTF provides a killing weapon for a willful or a timid minority. This is just what it did in Paris last week. Disregarding the wishes of a vast majority of fans in the "tennis countries," the federation resolutely decided to face backward for still another year and to defer into the unseeable future the problem of open tennis.

The 134 votes cast for open tennis were just five too few, even though they included those of all four major tennis powers—the United States, Australia, France and Great Britain. "We want the public in the United States to know," said Harold Lebair, one of three from this country, "that its delegates not only voted for the open but did their utmost to have it passed."

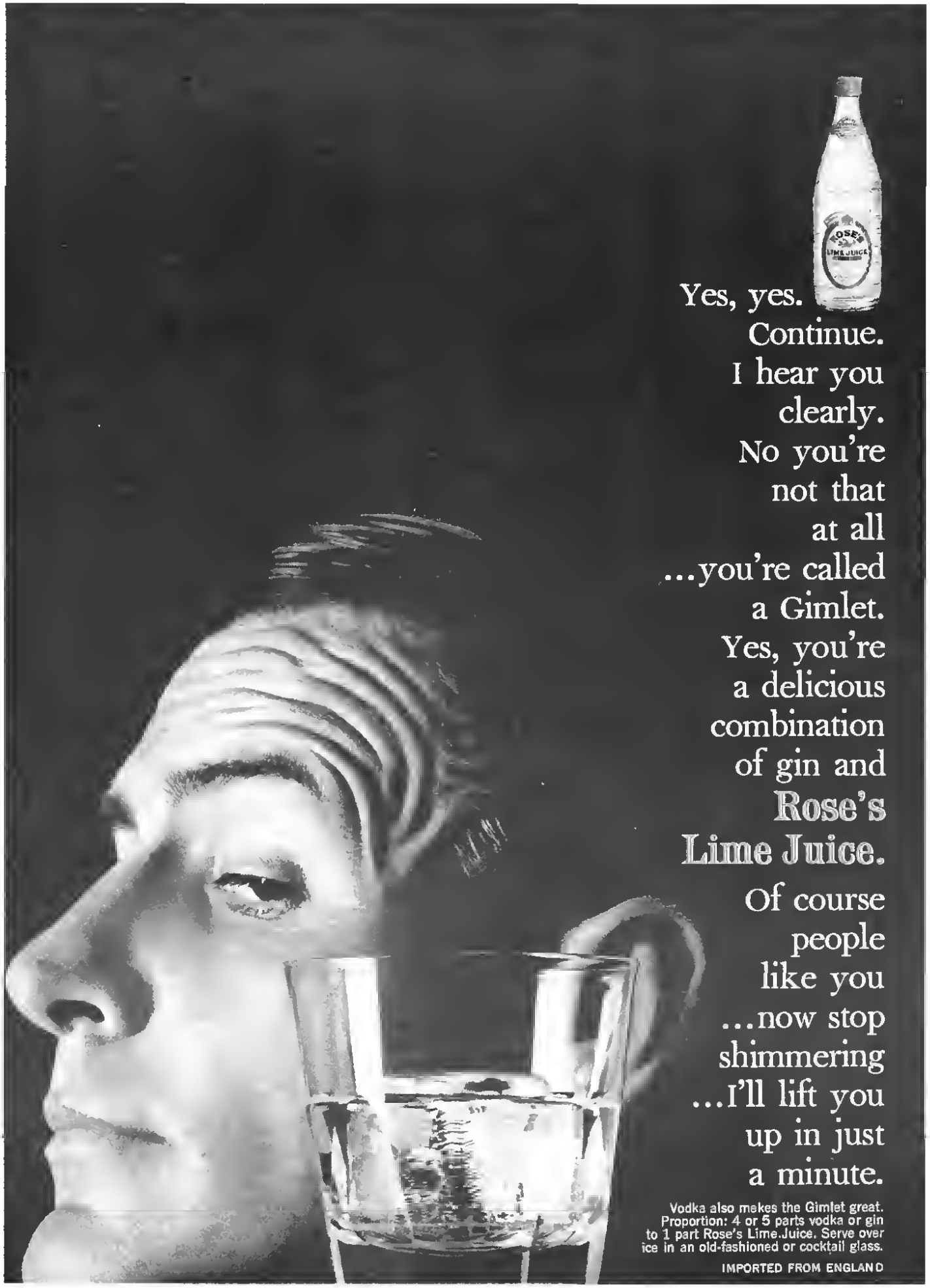
As part of that public we thank Mr. Lebair and urge him to try again next year. Meanwhile, along with thousands of others, we wish we could understand better those who voted him down. The timing of the Paris vote just after a dreary but financially successful amateur Wimbledon may have been part of it. But what seems really to have panicked the minority was an unreasoning fear that a vote for open tennis was a vote for Professional Promoter Jack Kramer. "Spain was against it because they knew I was trying to sign up Andres Gimeno," Kramer said after the vote. "And now I'm going to do just that. Ireland voted against because for some reason they felt it would put me in control of international tennis."

Actually, open tennis is the only way by which Kramer's raids on the ranks of topflight tennis can be effectively stopped. Pure amateurism, in the sense of playing a game for the fun of it, may indeed be the noblest form of sport—but it has almost nothing to do with organized competition. If a single individual acquires a vested interest in how or where the game is played, some compromise with the amateur status must be arranged. In the U.S. virtually every organized sport has reached, or attempted to reach, such a compromise. An "amateur" track and field man, for instance, cannot accept money for running or jumping, but he can accept it for eating, sleeping or traveling. Even though he takes no money at all an amateur basketball player can catch an incurable case of professionalism merely by playing with a pro while an amateur golfer can turn pro and then be "cured" merely by ceasing to play for money. An "amateur" bowler, on the other hand, can take all the money he can get.

All of these fine (and specious) distinctions represent attempts to reconcile reality with a sentimental and outdated notion. It is time that tennis and all the rest of organized amateur sport stopped shying violently at the mention of money. There may still be many true and honest amateur sportsmen, but where tickets are sold or gate receipts collected, there cannot be amateur sport. The game at Wimbledon, just like the games at Yankee Stadium, are being played for money—good, hard money paid into the box office.

Does the public still find some special aura of glory clinging to Maria Bueno and Neale Fraser because they are willing to serve as voluntary slave labor in the cause of good tennis? We doubt it. We doubt, too, that the paying public which—by the purchase of a ticket—put them under contract to play tennis at Wimbledon would have been just as happy if Neale and Maria had said, "Today, let's play hopscotch instead."

Absurd and ridiculous? Obviously. But no more so than tennis's absurd and ridiculous decision to go on pretending that Neale Fraser and Maria Bueno turned up at Wimbledon for the sole purpose of having a bit of fun in the sun.


ROSE'S
LIME JUICE
Yes, yes.
Continue.
I hear you
clearly.
No you're
not that
at all
...you're called
a Gimlet.
Yes, you're
a delicious
combination
of gin and
Rose's
Lime Juice.
Of course
people
like you
...now stop
shimmering
...I'll lift you
up in just
a minute.
Vodka also makes the Gimlet great.
Proportion: 4 or 5 parts vodka or gin
to 1 part Rose's Lime Juice. Serve over
ice in an old-fashioned or cocktail glass.
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
JULY 18, 1960

- WILLIE MAC'S SLUMP
- THE CURFEW BUSTERS
- ULCERS
- THAT DAMN WIND

These are the prime reasons for the decline of major league baseball's most baffling and most disappointing team—

THE SAD, BAD GIANTS

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

THIS HAS BEEN a provoking and puzzling summer for proud San Franciscans. First of all, the "booming" city's population sank 60,000 in the census. Second, the Giants—who were expected to win the 1960 National League pennant as a penance for blowing it in the final week last year—are playing as though they intend to drive the population down even more.

Last week the Giants returned to the West Coast after a wretched eastern trip during which they won only five games, lost seven and, of all things, tied two. The horror of it all is that they left San Francisco in June to get straightened out on the road. They were not so much straightened out as steamrollered. And back in California they showed no signs of revival. A week ago Tuesday night they took the field against the Dodgers (there is the club to watch) in Los Angeles where a horn-tooting crowd of 47,500 all but laughed at their antics. Consider the Dodger half of the seventh, which one L.A. commentator described as "more complicated than a set of instructions for a do-it-yourself brain-surgery kit." Bud Byerly had come in to pitch for the Giants, who were losing 4–0. The Dodgers' Junior Gilliam walked. Charlie Neal bunted. Giant First Baseman Orlando Cepeda tossed the ball wild in a mixup at the bag, with Neal getting credit for a single and Gilliam racing to third. Byerly hit Frank Howard to load the bases. The first pitch to Gil Hodges got by Catcher Bob Schmidt for a passed ball. Gilliam scored, and Neal and Howard each advanced a base.

Tom Sheehan, the Giants' new 66-year-old manager, lumbered from the dugout for a conference. As he crossed the foul line, a ball got away from the Giant bullpen, prompting the crowd to hoot even more. Sheehan went back to the dugout, Byerly stayed in for one more pitch, and then Sheehan, who had been stalling for time, brought in Joe Shipley. Shipley picked up two outs, but then Wally Moon drove in a run on a slow infield hit that Shortstop Andre Rodgers should have charged, and Pinch Hitter Norm Larker doubled to drive in two more runs. Johnny Antonelli came in—yes, what with three wins and five losses, yesterday's hero is now in the bullpen—to strike out Johnny Podres, but the game was over. The Dodgers won 8–0. The Giants got only four hits off Podres, and only one runner, Willie Mays, reached third base—and that was on an error, a wild pitch, an infield out.

The next night the debacle was worse. The Giants lost again, this time 10–0, as Stan Williams allowed them only three hits. In disgust the San Francisco *Chronicle* ran the head: GIANTS PLAY DEAD AGAIN and the subhead: HOWARD, WILLIAMS HUMILIATE INEPT SF.

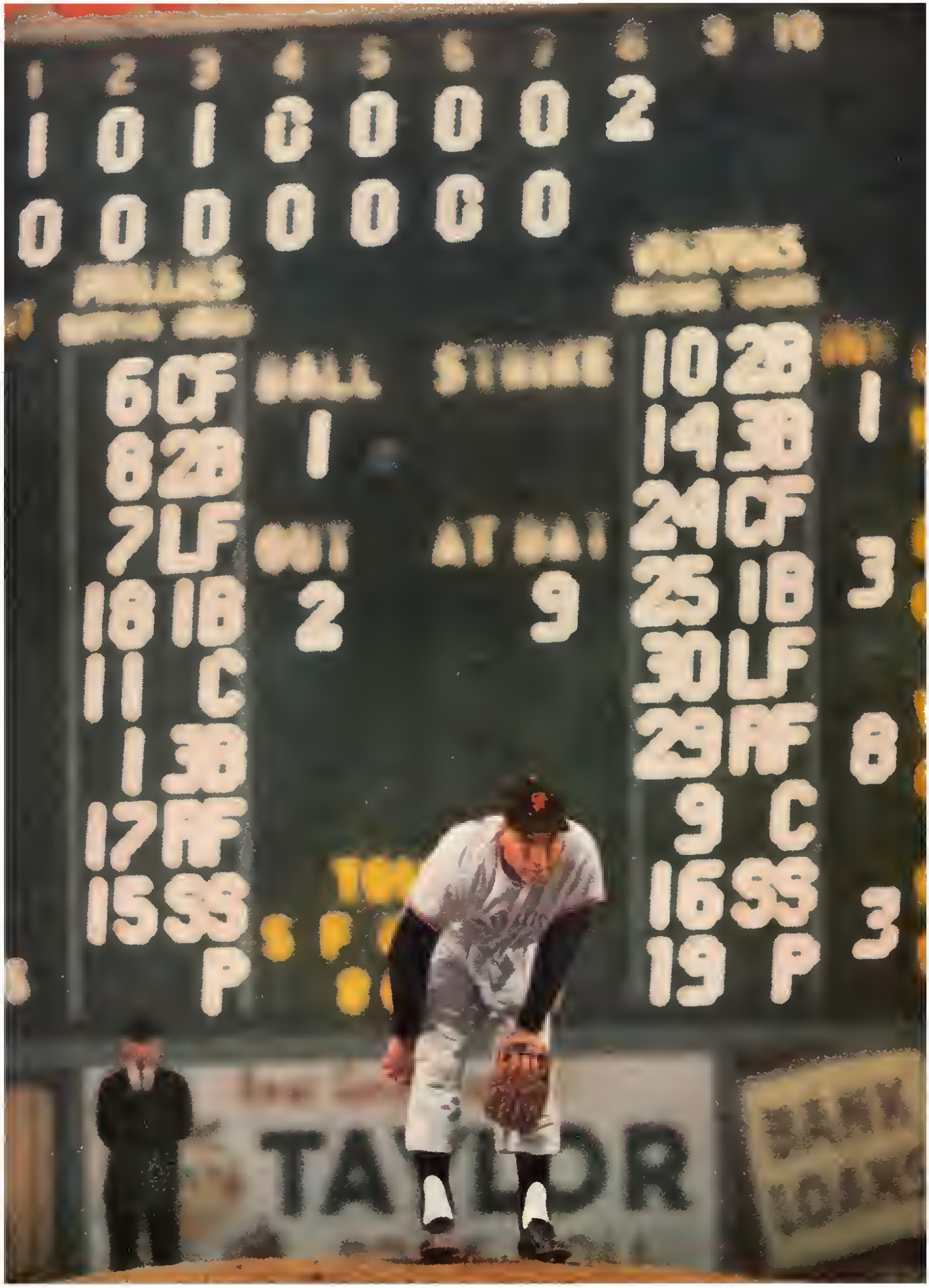
On Thursday afternoon the Giants returned home to Candlestick Park to play against St. Louis. This time they did better. They scored. But they lost 7–3. The only bright spot was Antonelli's nice relief work. "I felt I had my stuff back again," Johnny said later. "I was around the plate with good stuff." Tom Sheehan said: "I hope it keeps up. If he keeps pitching this way, we've got another starter."

The next night the Giants lost to the Cards again, 7–1. On Saturday the Giants lost their fifth straight, this one to the last-place Cubs, 7–6 in 12 innings, and fell to fifth place.

continued

Photographs by John G. Zimmerman

PEERING GLOOMILY at catcher's sign, Sam Jones prepares to pitch against pinball background of Philadelphia scoreboard.


1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
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BALL
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OUT
2
AT BAT
9
6 CF
8 2B
7 LF
18 C
11 1B
17 RF
15 SS
P
10 2B
14 3B
24 CF
25 1B
30 LF
29 RF
9 C
16 SS
19 P
1
3
8
3
TAYLOR
BANK
LOANS



On Sunday they broke the spell by beating the Cubs 5–3 on five unearned runs.

What's wrong with the Giants? A lot. To be specific:

First Baseman Willie McCovey, last year's late-blooming rose, has wilted. "The biggest trouble with tbe club is that McCovey is not hitting like last year," said Tom Sheehan one morning last week as he sat in his undershorts in his L.A. hotel room. "Where they pitching him? They're pitching inside, outside, all over. He's just not hitting the ball. They tried every place last year, too, and the kid hit .354. It's just that something happened to the boy. He tells me he never hits in the first half of the season, that that's his history. That's our only ray of sunshine. The other day I told him, this is July 1—let's go! Last year when he swung—whack!" Sheehan watched an imaginary ball soar across the room and bounce off a picture. "Now," said Sheehan, "he hasn't batted in a run in three weeks. And when he slumps at the plate, then he slumps in the field."

McCovey, who is still a kid new to the ways of the big city, also irked Sheehan by cutting up in Philadelphia. He was spotted coming back to the Warwick Hotel at 3 in the morning. Sheehan, further annoyed by a few Giants who were staying up late to play cards, slapped a curfew on the players. No fines were imposed, but Sheehan thundered against any more hanky-panky.

"Oh, I was ripping them apart that day," Sheehan said in fond reminiscence, much in the manner of an old monsignor who has caught the altar boys smoking. "You got five months to play ball, and seven months to raise hell in. A ball club is 25 individuals, and some may not like you, but if you manage a ball club you got to be a pain. Any manager that manages a ball club is a pain. I know one thing—they can't have a bigger pain than me." Sheehan chortled and patted his ample pot to point up his pun. "This is a rough game," he said, frowning. "It's dog eat dog."

To a degree, injuries and illness are to blame for the lack of solid Giant hitting. The lineup has been far from set. Shortstop Ed Bressoud is out with a bad ankle, Catcher Hobie Landrith has been banged up a couple of times and Third Baseman Jim Davenport suffered an ulcer attack shortly after the season began. Davenport didn't know he was afflicted until he started hemorrhaging in Milwaukee. He is playing again, but he still is not as strong as he was before. "To talk to, he seems real easygoing," says his wife, "but when something gets to bothering him, he keeps it inside. That may be the reason, I guess. Since he has been sick he is more nervous." Davenport, a magnificent fielder, is a key to Giant success. When the team floundered last year, he was out with a bad knee. "Little Jimmy Davenport," sighs Owner Horace Stoneham, himself a victim of shingles. "When he goes out, we go into a tailspin."

Cepeda and Right Fielder Willie Kirkland have been producing as expected, and Willie Mays has been superb. The National League's leading hitter, he recently went on a 19-game tear during which he hit .494 and was unbelieveable in the field. Against the Dodgers, for instance, he made a leaping catch near the screen in left center field to rob Gil Hodges of a homer, and the normally hostile Coliseum fans, the most provincial in the league after Milwaukee, burst into cheers. "He's the greatest centerfielder I ever saw," says Sheehan, "and I saw Speaker and DiMaggio. I don't know how they could be better."

The pitching has been spotty. Two starters—Mike McCormick, Billy O'Dell—have earned run averages under 3. Jack Sanford is just over 3, with five shutouts among his eight victories, but a Giant pitcher practically has to pitch a shutout to win. Poor O'Dell, obtained from Baltimore, has won three, lost eight. "Most unlucky," says Stoneham. "He pitches well, but we can't score for him. The same as the Orioles couldn't."

The relief pitching has been atrocious. Stu Miller shows signs of returning to form, but even if he does be isn't strong enough to work every day. Byerly, Shipley, Georges Maranda and Billy Loes, who accompanied O'Dell from Baltimore, have been of scant help. Loes has an earned run average that looks like the day's volume on the stock exchange. "I would have to say that he's been a failure for me," says Sheehan. "Not just for me, but for the club. He's in front in

continued



BELLY FLOPPING into second base goes the spectacular Willie Mays, who is having a superb season despite the fumblings and failures of his San Francisco teammates.

ABOUT TO BE FIRED, Manager Bill Rigney watches batting practice, while successor Tom Sheehan (*left*) watches him.



NEW MANAGER TOM SHEEHAN INHERITED A BALL CLUB AND A READY-MADE HEADACHE

SAD, BAD GIANTS *continued*

four or five games, and he's thrown the big home run ball that's thrown us right out of the game."

The Giant hitters, to use a rather inexact term, seem to have been hypnotized by the wild winds of Candlestick Park. It *is* disheartening to see a prospective home run driven back by the daily afternoon gale. Stoneham is considering bringing in part of the fence, but league rules prohibit a change during the season. "That seems to be the wish of the players," he says. "The dimensions are not what we proposed. We were thinking of 385 feet in left and right center. Left center and right center are 397, and that arc out there makes it impossible to hit a ball out of the park if there's any sort of wind."

At the players' request, Stoneham has already had the stadium wall around the infield painted green to give the fielders a better background, but so far he has been unable to solve the poor centerfield background for hitters. Filled-in land behind center makes it difficult to build a solid structure of sufficient height to serve as a screen. The solution may be to erect a screen of green cloth that would also serve as a partial windbreak. "We're engineering that now," says Stoneham.

Besides the problems posed by the park, the bullpen, the injuries and illnesses and McCovey's slump, the Giants have undergone another ordeal, a change in managers. After dropping three straight to Pittsburgh in Candlestick in mid-June, Stoneham fired Bill Rigney and appointed Sheehan, his chief scout, as interim manager. Rigney left because the team hadn't "knit," but the firing jolted some of the players. "It's a funny game," said Mike McCormick. "The players make the mistakes, and the managers get blamed." Sam Jones verged on tears. Under Rigney, Jones won 20 games for the first time in his career. "I think they let go a hell of a good guy," Jones said when Rigney went. "He deserves a better fate." Jones, 10 and 8 for the season, has failed to finish his last six starts.

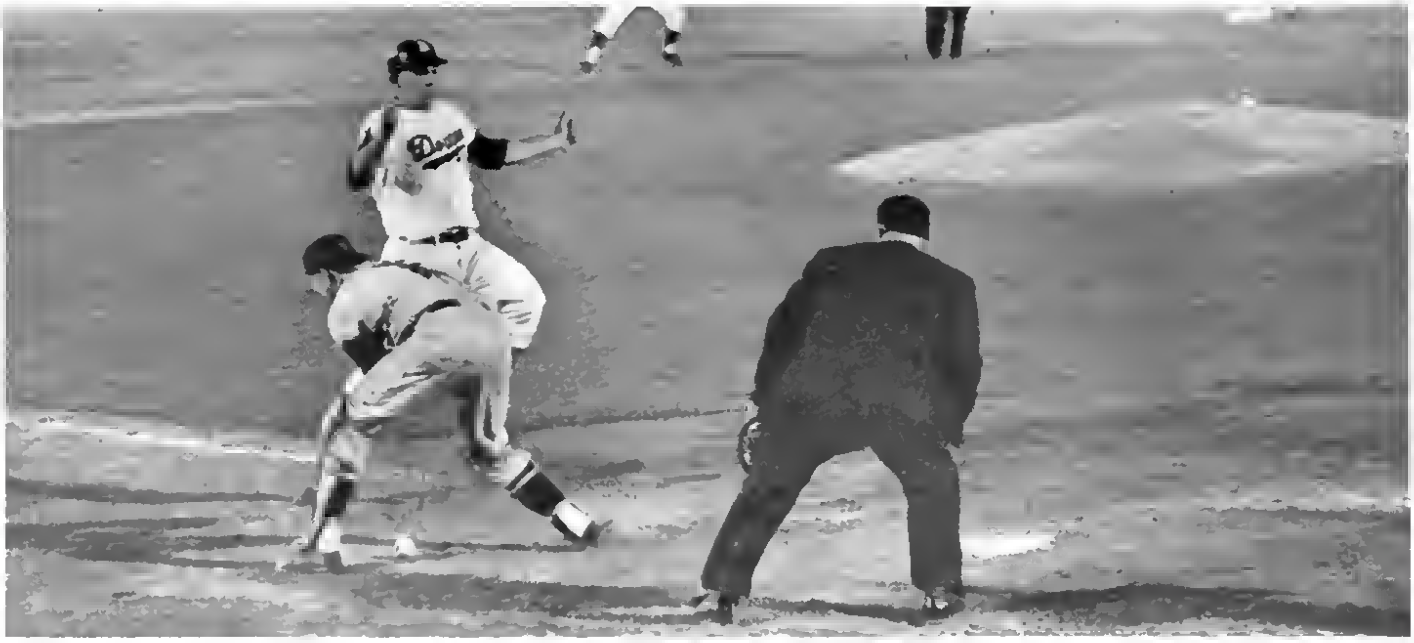
As a result of the firing, the San Francisco press has been on Stoneham. Herb Caen, the *Chronicle*'s Winchell, calls him "Stoneheart," and Ray Haywood of the Oakland *Tribune* won't let "Sir Horace" forget he dismissed an East Bay boy (Rigney's home town is just over the hill from Oakland). The sharpest wound was inflicted by Dick Young of the New York *Daily News* who charged in a column reprinted by the *Chronicle* that Sheehan, "an engaging old windbag," had "knifed" Rigney to get the job. Not only that, wrote Young, but "it was Sheehan who, with his second-guessing, set up the guillotine for Leo Durocher." Says Sheehan, "That's Dick Young. And he's been a good friend of mine. I've been in this game 48 years, and I certainly didn't have to wait this long to double-cross people."

Last week, as if in retort to the critics, Stoneham announced that Sheehan would "definitely" manage the rest of the year and "if Tom does a real good job, I'm sure he'll he back next year as manager."

Sheehan will have his hands full for this year, let alone next year. A genial soul, he likes to tell about the bad year he had pitching for the old Philadelphia A's. He won one and lost 17, and his roomie won one and lost 21. The experience should stand him in good stead. Baseball is a game of momentum, and the Giants are off the skids. The way they look now, they'll be lucky to finish fourth. **END**



POOR DEFENSE HAS HURT GIANTS. HERE OUTFIELD THROW REACHES CATCHER BOB SCHMIDT WELL AHEAD OF DODGERS' GIL HODGES



BUT BALL SLIPS THROUGH SCHMIDT'S LEGS AND (BELOW) ROLLS AWAY, AS HODGES SCORES AND RUNNER ON SECOND GOES TO THIRD





AGAINST THE BLEAK, MISTY BACKGROUND OF ST. ANDREWS, ARNOLD PALMER MARCHES RESOLUTELY UP AN OLD COURSE FAIRWAY

THE SLAM THAT FAILED

Arnold Palmer's campaign for a sweep of golf's major titles was halted by Kel Nagle—and the St. Andrews Old Course

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

WHENEVER a tournament is held at St. Andrews the celebrated Old Course invariably tries to upstage the biggest names in golf and become the central figure in the show. Last week, when the old gray town on the North Sea was the scene, appropriately, of the 100th anniversary British Open, it turned the force of its personality on Arnold Palmer.

The Old Course is altogether different from any other of the world's acknowledged championship tests. Its deep-walled bunkers, most of them unperceivable from the tees, crowd along the fairways or suddenly hob up smack in the middle of them. To avoid them in calm weather takes a well-controlled drive; when twisting winds blow in off the sea it takes sheer artistry, plus a spot of luck.

The greens are much harder in surface than those in America. You cannot play your approach right up to the stick as you can on our soft, watered greens. At St. Andrews your ball would bounce up like a kangaroo and finish yards beyond the target. You must allow for plenty of hounce and roll. Moreover, 14 of the holes on the Old Course share double greens—seven huge putting surfaces that are divided between outgoing and incoming holes. These greens weave, ripple, undulate and sometimes break like an arrested wave; even a short putt is seldom without a slight roll to be read. If an architect were to design a course today like St. Andrews he would probably be laughed out of his profession. It is only right at St. Andrews.

Fresh from his successful European debut in the Canada Cup matches at Portmarnock in Dublin, Palmer arrived at St. Andrews a week before the qualifying rounds were scheduled. During his practice rounds Palmer, with his characteristic conscientiousness, worked hard to memorize the locations of the Old Course's bunkers, mounds and gullies. Each evening he pored over maps of the holes to chart the ways he would play them in the various winds and weather.

Best since Bobby

For all of this assiduity, Palmer was enjoying himself in Scotland. Like few foreign golfers before him, he graciously found the time to attend a number of social functions and to sign countless autographs with good-natured patience. His attractive personal qualities, added to his aggressive method of attacking the course, made him the most popular American invader since Bobby Jones.

On the eve of the tournament Palmer had become fairly well acquainted with the layout, but Peter

continued



SOUP-ON-THE-ROCKS AFTER SPORTS

New refreshing drink perks you up

For Soup-on-the-Rocks helps to replenish the salt and water you've lost on the tennis court or golf course. Just pour Campbell's Beef Broth straight from the can over ice. It's a nourishing drink, yet low in calories. A refreshing drink that tastes good, too. When you come in from active sports, have this modern refreshment. You'll like it and feel better for it.

Campbell's Beef Broth—M'm! M'm! Good!





SPLIT-SECOND ACTION . . . plus colors both strong and subtle! Perfect situation . . for *Anscochrome!* Taken by Dennis Hallinan at Cypress Gardens, Fla.

EVEN WHEN THE LIGHT'S NOT RIGHT – ANSCOCHROME IS!



LATE AFTERNOON SUN sifting through the trees. A tricky shot to take. But not for professional Doris Pinney—and *Anscochrome* Film!

Maybe you think you could never capture the remarkable range of colors shown in these pictures.

Don't be too sure! You could do it—using the same modestly priced film professionals use. That film is *Anscochrome*®. It costs no more than competing films. And it comes in all standard roll film sizes.

Even when the light's not right, Anscochrome fills your pictures with natural color. That's because Anscochrome is made to the exacting *professional standards* of the world's greatest photographers.

This weekend, graduate to Anscochrome. You'll see—you're a better photographer than you think you are! From the makers of new Moviechrome®-8 and All-Weather Pan black-and-white film. *Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y., A Division of General Aniline & Film Corporation.*



Thomson, the compact Australian stylist who has won the British Open four times, ruled a slight favorite. There was considerable backing also for Gary Player, the 25-year-old from South Africa who was the defending champion, or holder, as the British put it.

Still, there was no question that the main story of the centenary Open lay in Arnold Palmer's bid to add the British title to the Augusta Masters and the U.S. Open in his effort to effect a sweep this year of golf's major championships. Could he do it? A large part of the answer to this question obviously resided in how well Palmer had learned the bizarre niceties of the Old Course in a week's cramming and in how well he could adapt his game to its finicky, flustering demands.

The show begins

The British Open is really a drama in three acts. The first is composed of the 36-hole qualifying rounds. At St. Andrews both the Old and New courses were used, half of the enormous field of 380-odd starters playing the Old on the first day and the New on the second, the other half scheduled the other way round. The qualifying rounds reduced the field to 74, the cutoff coming at 147. Palmer with 142 (67 on the New, 75 on the Old) was in comfortably, and it had probably done him no harm to have one drive blown out of bounds on the Old Course and to take two shots in the bunker called the Principal's Nose, for this surely would counteract any tendency for Palmer to underrate St. Andrews.

While the New Course is a shortish resort-type course with little or no dignity, it, too, can be troublesome. Many of its extremely narrow fairways are hemmed in by gorse (*see page 26*), it is pock-marked with pesty pot bunkers and its small greens are like cement. Henry Cotton took a 79 on it and became the major casualty of the qualifying rounds.

While Gary Player led the qualifiers with a total of 135, from a sentimental point of view those two days belonged to Gene Sarazen. Now 58, playing in his 14th British Open 37 years after his debut in that championship at Troon, old Gene, grinning like a schoolboy, put together two gorgeous rounds of 69 and 72 to lead the American entries. He demonstrated how long a golfer's game lasts if he is a genuinely great player. The effort exhausted him, and he was forced to withdraw after the first round of the tournament proper, but what a heart-warming thing was this Indian summer of glory for Sarazen, over the years the truest American friend of British golf.

The second act of the Open is made up of the first two rounds of the championship—18 holes each on Wednesday and Thursday before the climactic double round of 36 holes set for Friday. The three favorites proceeded about as expected. Player stood at 143, Thomson at 141, Palmer also at 141. Ordinarily in a championship staged at St. Andrews this standard of scoring would have placed them in the lead or close to it. However, two tremendous and entirely unanticipated performances by Roberto de Vicenzo and Kel Nagle (who both took full advantage of the absence of any strong winds) altered the prospect completely. De Vicenzo, the powerful Argentine who now plays out of Mexico, was around in 67 on both days, making it all look very easy and leading observers to wonder if he really had the stuff this year to go all the way. De Vicenzo had four times in the past been within reach of winning. As for Nagle, who is the Australian Open champion, his rounds of 69 and 67 were built principally on his terrific putting. On his first round, for example, he holed successive long ones on the 14th, 15th and 16th and followed with a twisting 40-footer on the 17th that he had to coax over the sharp bank which separates the lower level of the green from the upper level.

Palmer, on the other hand, took 34 putts on his first round, 35 on the second. He was stroking the ball well, but he was having trouble reading the greens, and putt after putt ghosted by the cup or slid off the lip. His iron play was somewhat irregular, but off the tees he was meeting the challenge of the Old Course remarkably well. When it was called for, he was fading the ball expertly from left to right and using the wind from the left, a type of shot he has seldom been required to play in the States. All in all, his golf had exceeded what

continued on page 62



CHEERFUL CHAMPION Nagle coupled fine driving, putting to post record score.



DOGGED CHALLENGER Palmer birdied last two holes but missed by stroke.



TOWN SPIRIT is promoted by Track President E. Roland Harriman (*above*), typified by sign on church property boosting races.



TRACK SPIRIT is shown in diversity of crowd at Historic. Former New York Yankee Slugger Charlie Keller, now a prosperous breeder of harness horses, joins teenagers lining rail near paddock gate (*above*). In field stands (*below*) oldtimers who





Photographs by Hans Knopf



never miss a Goshen meeting mingle with youngsters getting their first look at the sport's top horses and drivers.





THE KIDS ARE IN

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Kept out for a year, children were allowed to join the fun at Goshen this season

UNTIL Americans decide whether gambling is a sin or a sport, the question of whether children should be admitted to race tracks will be with us. In some parts of the country, chiefly in the South, youngsters are welcome; in others they are excluded.

One place that has recently been a focal point for this debate is Goshen, N.Y., where, until last year, children have been attending harness races since the sport began in colonial times. In 1959 the New York State Harness Racing Commission barred children from all pari-mutuel tracks in the state. This year the kids are back—at Goshen anyway—under the new rule that allows each trotting track to decide the question for itself. One man especially pleased with the rule is E. Roland Harriman (brother of ex-Governor Averill), 64-year-old president of the Orange County Driving Park Association, which sponsors the Goshen meeting. To Harriman, excluding children meant violating one of trotting's oldest traditions—family participation in the rearing and racing of standardbreds. "In addition," he says, "I feel that the only way to gain enthusiasts for the sport is to initiate people when they're young."

So there were flocks of youngsters at Goshen last week—enjoying the sunshine and the horses, and showing no visible ill effects from the presence of the mutuel machines.

Goshen was, is and always will be a gauge of the strength of harness racing in America. The best drivers, the biggest stables and the finest horses have always competed in its one week of midsummer racing. For most of the people directly connected with trotting, Goshen is a much-needed departure from the illuminated merry-go-rounds of the night tracks. Here, the sport is conducted for sport's sake, and betting is merely part of the sport.

The tiny town itself is everywhere shaded by giant oaks and elms and, for 51 weeks, it is a place of little activity. But during the 52nd week, when the horses arrive, ladies take to serving lunch on the sprawling lawn of the Methodist Church (baked beans, 15¢), and every corner seems alive with small boys peddling lemonade ("made from real lemons").

The track has no escalators, no elevators, no turnstiles, no closed-circuit television sets. The crowds are paltry when compared to Roosevelt, Yonkers or Hollywood Park. Goshen's average daily attendance this year was 1,636, its average mutuel handle $59,000. But it draws the people who *care* about trotting, and the racing is the best.

This year was no exception. Countess Adios, the superb 3-year-old pacing filly, won the $10,035 Ladyship Stake in straight heats, setting her own pace and making a show of her opposition. Her little sister, Vivian's Adios, won the $12,110 Debutante Stake for 2-year-old pacers, also in straight heats. In the E. H. Harriman 2-year-old trot Arden Homestead's Matastar beat Billy Haughton's Mr. Pride twice, both victories attributable to finely rated drives by Harry Pownall and to the fact that Mr. Pride twice broke stride. Del Miller, who had 10 victories during the five days, won the $13,600 Titan free-for-all trot with Darn Safe. It was a fine meeting. Said Roland Harriman, "The track lost money [as usual] but probably gained a lot of new friends." END


FL 4905 S



Collision Course

Rammed amidships and overrun by a 16-foot outboard at St. Petersburg, Fla., Guy Sutton (*left*) and his wife Carol are pinned against the sides of their runabout. The outboard stopped inches short of crushing Sutton's head, then slid back. The Suttons suffered only cuts and bruises.

The collision occurred during St. Pete's Funtime Outboard Treasure Hunt. More than 350 boats idled off Spa Beach awaiting a smoke-bomb signal before racing ashore where the treasure was buried. The bomb failed to explode properly, and the boats gunned off in the wrong direction. As the hunt's director waved them back, Sutton, in the lead, throttled down, confused. At that instant, John Bowman, 14, with twin 35-hp motors roaring aft, plowed into him. Young Bowman claimed that he couldn't see over his boat's high bow. Those who organized the disorderly stampede to near disaster obviously couldn't see very far ahead either.

Photograph by Dan Hightower—St. Petersburg Times



In the Rough

Photograph by Jerry Cooke



American golfers, who think of grass two inches high as rough, can hardly imagine the trouble that awaited bad shots at St. Andrews in last week's British Centenary Open. The rough on this historic Scottish links is a tangled thicket of head-high shrubs called gorse, here growing so densely that it seems to swallow up a whole pathful of spectators walking between holes. But the worst part of gorse, as several unfortunate contestants found out, is that every wiry branch is a mass of stickers.

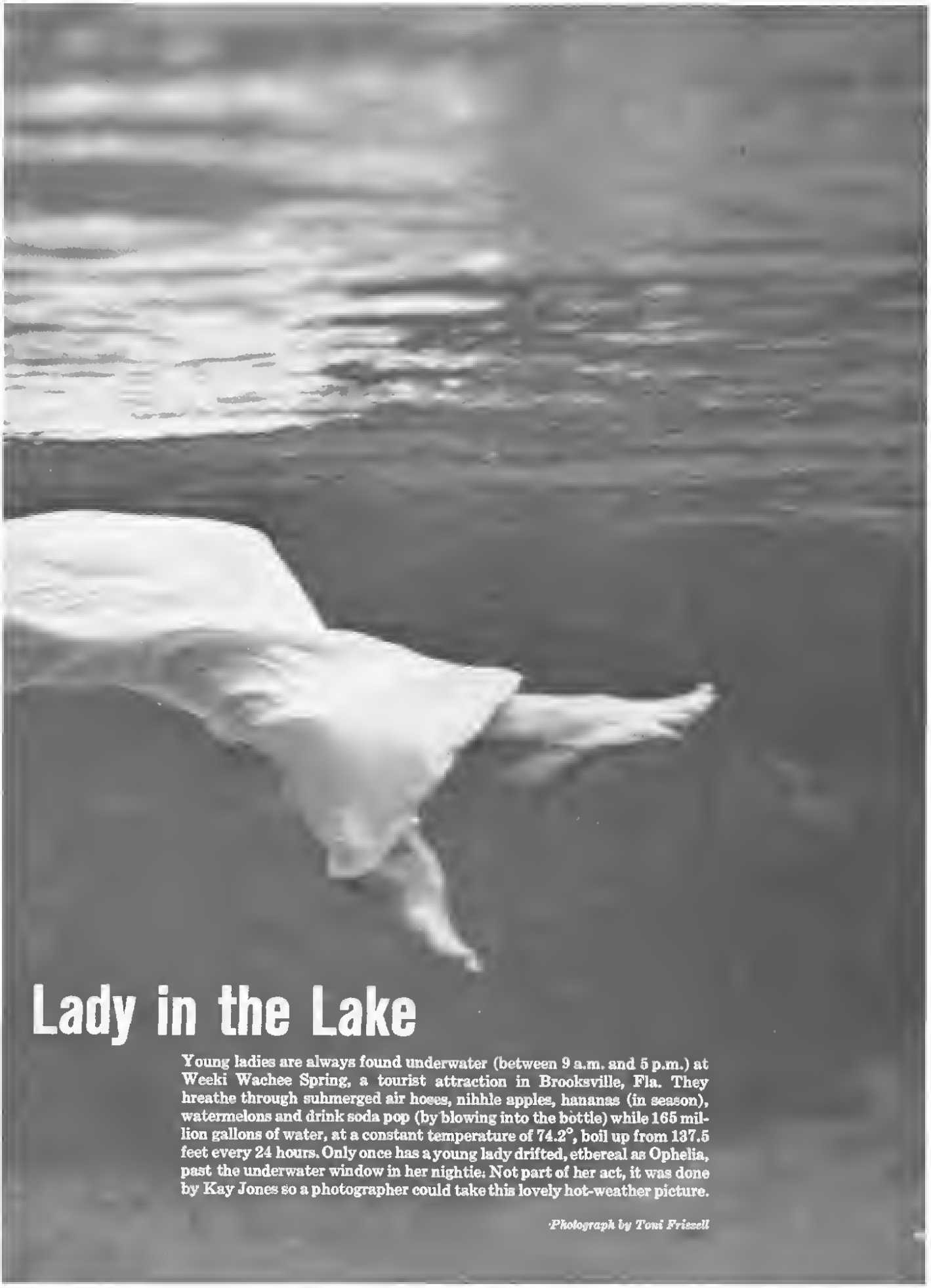
The Vicious Cycles

As the grade-crossing barrier goes up, 128 professional cyclists from 13 countries swarm across the Belgian border during the first lap of the Tour de France. After 14 days of the punishing 22-day race around the perimeter of France, fatigue, cramps and falls (French hope Roger Rivière tumbled 60 feet into a ravine) cut the field to 93, and the forbidding Alps loomed ahead. Among the casualties: last year's winner, Federico Bahamontes, the emotional Eagle of Toledo. "Federico, he is sick," announced Bahamontes after being booed on the second lap. He dismounted and went home to see a psychiatrist.









Lady in the Lake

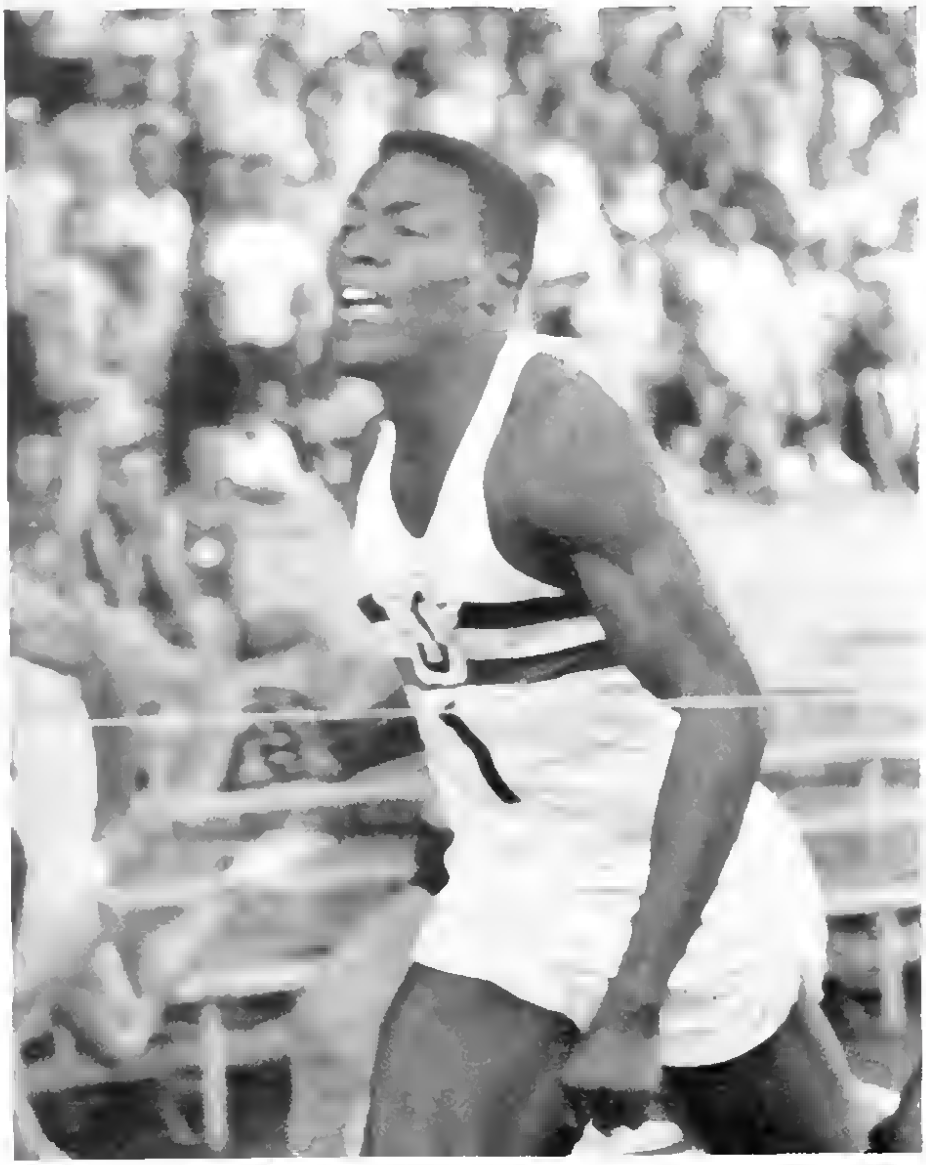
Young ladies are always found underwater (between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m.) at Weeki Wachee Spring, a tourist attraction in Brooksville, Fla. They breathe through submerged air hoses, nibble apples, bananas (in season), watermelons and drink soda pop (by blowing into the bottle) while 165 million gallons of water, at a constant temperature of 74.2°, boil up from 137.5 feet every 24 hours. Only once has a young lady drifted, ethereal as Ophelia, past the underwater window in her nightie. Not part of her act, it was done by Kay Jones so a photographer could take this lovely hot-weather picture.

Photograph by Toni Frissell

THE ECLIPSE OF MR. K

That's Mr. Kuznetsov, whose world decathlon record was broken last weak by a rejuvenated Rafer Johnson

by JAMES MURRAY



At 6:50 p.m. in the green-and-gold setting of an Oregon twilight, the giant Negro in the heavy UCLA sweatshirt raced gracefully across the grass, drew back a shimmering silver javelin and then sent it soaring through the half light of the evening sky.

A hoarse roar rocked the aged structure of the University of Oregon's Hayward Field. As the javelin stabbed quiveringly into the grass, an announcer's voice sputtered hysterically from the public address system: "Ladies and gentlemen," he shouted, "if that javelin has, as it appears, gone over 230 feet, Rafer Johnson has just broken the world decathlon record of the Russian Vasily Kuznetsov!"

A further roar shook the creaky wooden stands. Down on the field, Rafer Johnson first sped excitedly after his victorious javelin, then abruptly knelt in midfield and said a prayer. When he returned to the officials' mark, his normally stoic face was twisted in an unsuccessful fight against tears.

Thus last week in the college town of Eugene, Ore. one of the most remarkable athletic achievements of history was recorded. Rafer Johnson, out of competition for a year because of an auto accident, entered the Olympic tryout (and National AAU) decathlon competition with misgivings and remained to shatter the world's record by an extraordinary 326 points.

The decathlon, which has been described—inadequately—as "grueling" and "exhausting," is a 10-event nightmare that demands of the athlete speed, strength, coordination, endurance and pluck.

It is possible to win a decathlon without finishing first in a single event. The opponent is the clock or the tape measure and oneself, and the best over-all results determine the ultimate winner, the best man. The neat balance of events—sprinting, hurdling, distance running; broad jumping, high jumping, pole vaulting; discus, shotput and javelin—produces in its finest practitioner the

continued

MUSCLES STRAINING, burly Rafer Johnson breaks tape in decathlon 100-meter dash.



"Streamlane Decor" bowling equipment designed by Henry Dreyfuss for American Machine & Foundry Company

MRS. IGOR CASSINI—wife of columnist Cholly Knickerbocker, scores a strike at another new "Magic Triangle" bowling center. For a sociable summer, try bowling where you see the AMF "Magic Triangle." Friendly place. Friendly people. Friendly service. And comfortable air-conditioning. No wonder bowling's cool fun!



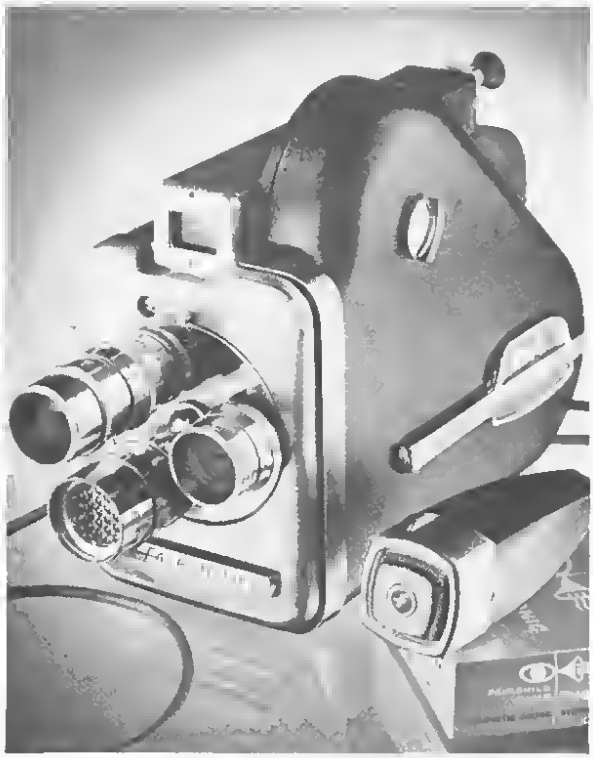


Movies *with sound* are twice the fun because you never know what they'll say next!

ODDS ARE, the first scenes you shoot with a sound movie camera will depend on loud noises and distinctive sounds. Shouts. Clangs. The shriek of a siren. The temptation is practically irresistible. And the new Fairchild Cinephonic records these with astonishing fidelity. Yet this is a mere *fraction* of the fun. For it isn't until you film *candid* scenes that

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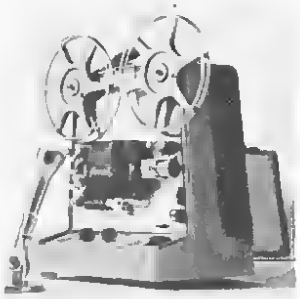
Surprisingly (miraculously!) the Cinephonic is as easy to use as conventional silent cameras. Simply follow the action. *The camera hears all it sees.* Picture and sound are automatically synchronized—on the film. (Cinephonic sound film is edged with a magnetic recording stripe. It is altogether the equal of the finest color film you have ever used.)



CINEPHONIC CAMERA: *8mm electronic sound synchronization, omni-directional microphone volume control, headphone "monitor", rechargeable permanent battery power drive (no winding), 100' film capacity, 3-lens turret. With 13mm Cinphar f/1.8 lens* **$249**
Cinephonic Sound Film: 50 ft. double 8mm rolls (100 ft.) fine grain color $7.50

The Cinephonic records *inside* the camera. There is no outside power source, no bulky equipment, no winding! Sound is picked up by a small, sensitive microphone. You can "plant" it in the scene, wear it round your neck—or tucked in your shirt pocket.

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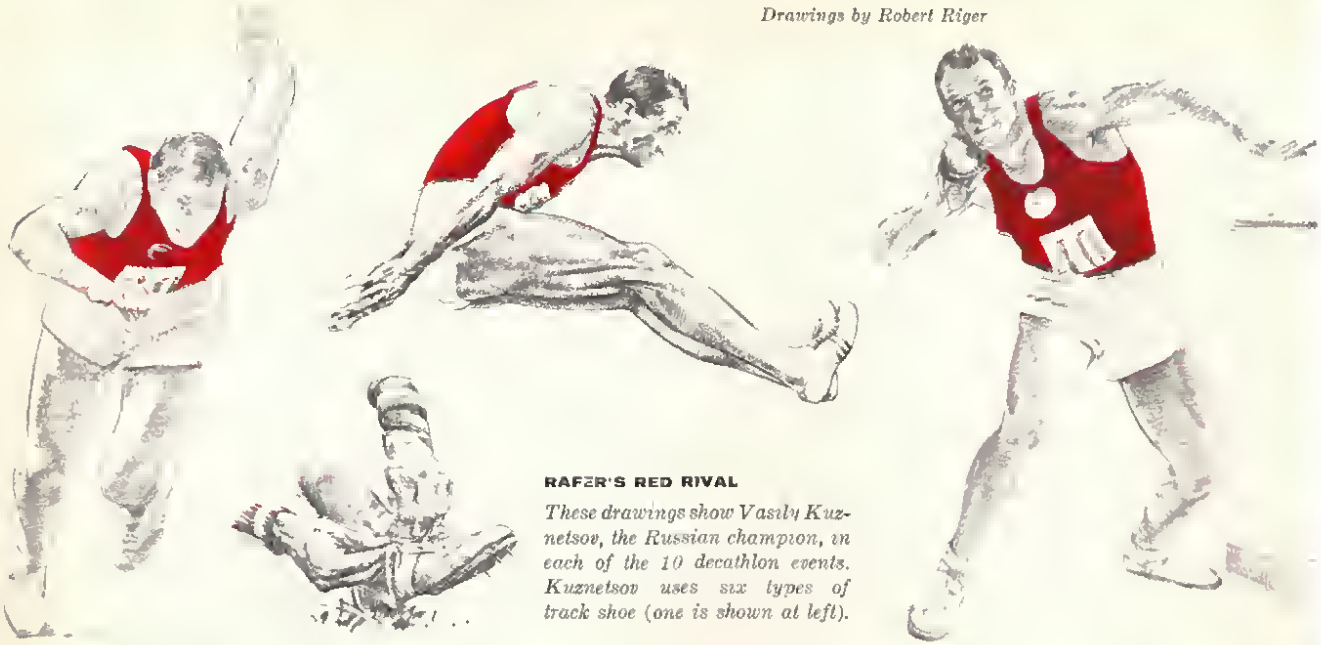
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THE MAN RAFER HAS TO BEAT AT ROME

Drawings by Robert Riger



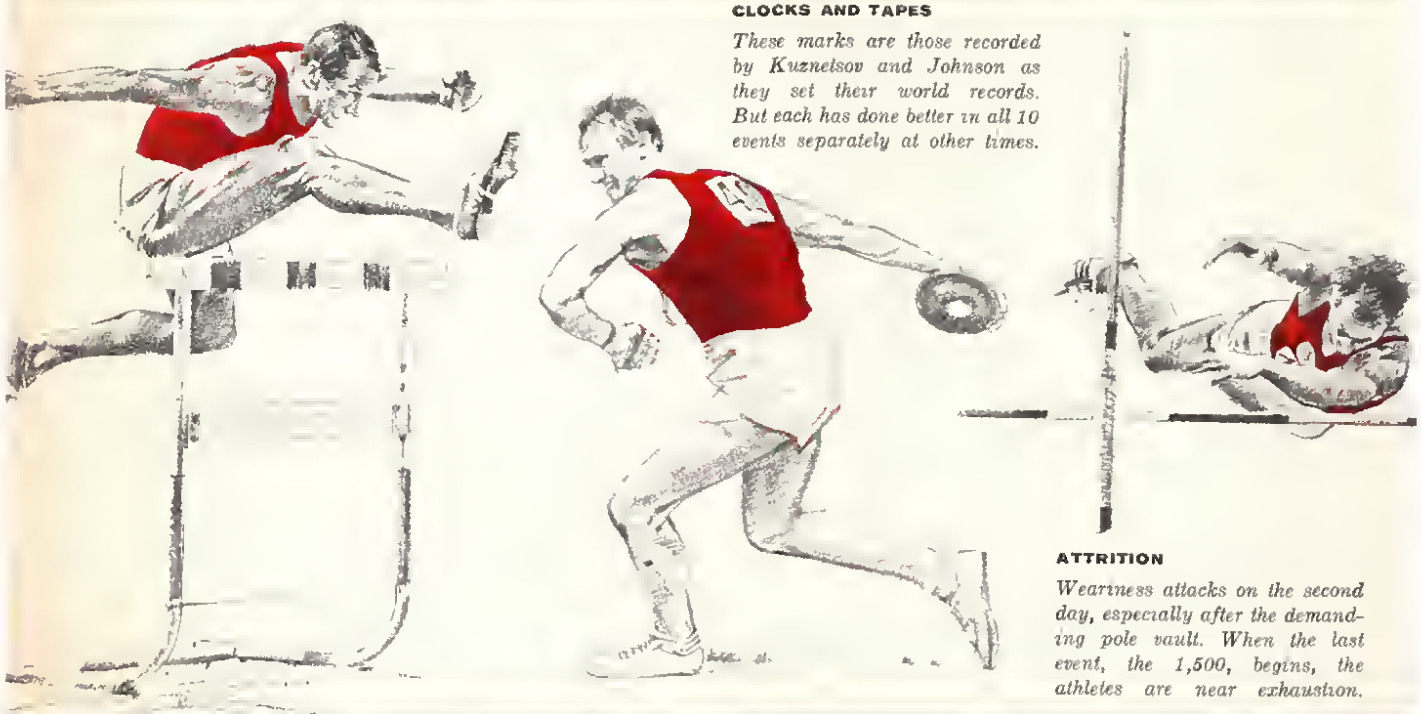
RAFER'S RED RIVAL

These drawings show Vasily Kuznetsov, the Russian champion, in each of the 10 decathlon events. Kuznetsov uses six types of track shoe (one is shown at left).

	100-METER DASH	BROAD JUMP	SHOTPUT
KUZNETSOV	10.7 SECONDS	24 FEET 1¼	48 FEET 2
JOHNSON	10.6 SECONDS	24 FEET 9¼	52 FEET

CLOCKS AND TAPES

These marks are those recorded by Kuznetsov and Johnson as they set their world records. But each has done better in all 10 events separately at other times.



ATTRITION

Weariness attacks on the second day, especially after the demanding pole vault. When the last event, the 1,500, begins, the athletes are near exhaustion.

	110-METER HURDLES	DISCUS THROW	POLE VAULT
KUZNETSOV	14.7 SECONDS	163 FEET 10¼	13 FEET 9⅛
JOHNSON	14.5 SECONDS	170 FEET 6½	13 FEET ¼



VASILY'S VERSATILITY

Most decathlon men are especially strong in one or two events and not so good in the others. But Kuznetsov, like Rafer Johnson, is outstanding in nine of the 10 events (the 1,500 meters is a weak spot for everyone).

HIGH JUMP	400-METER RUN
6 FEET 2½	49.2 SECONDS
5 FEET 10	48.6 SECONDS



JAVELIN THROW	1,500-METER RUN
213 FEET 5½	5:04.6
233 FEET 3	5:09.9

indisputable world champion athlete. After his performance last weekend Rafer Johnson is surely that.

He won the hundred meters, won the discus, won the javelin, won the shotput and pressed the winners of every other event, except the 1,500-meter run. If he had finished only third, he would have been assured of a berth on the Olympic team and a trip to Rome, where he would meet his old rival Kuznetsov again. No one would have blamed him for playing it safe and being content just to make the Olympic squad. But Johnson went roaring after the world's record from the start, in reckless disregard of the muscle pulls, cramps and assorted miseries which almost necessarily accompany such a concentrate of competition.

Almost overlooked in the general astonishment at Johnson's achievement was the dogged performance of the Formosan athlete, Yang Chuan-kwang, whose Chinese name has been Americanized to C.K. Yang. An immensely capable decathlon competitor, Yang needed to run 1,500 meters in 4:34.8 at the end of the two-day contest to beat Johnson. His muscles drawn tight as violin strings after nine events, Yang managed only a 5:09.3, which left him clutching his thighs in a contortion of pain at the finish. He placed second, 257 points behind Johnson, but 69 points ahead of the Kuznetsov world record. It was quite clear that Yang, a student at UCLA who came to the U.S. two years ago knowing only one word of English (beefsteak), is a classic decathloner who may be more of a threat to Rafer at Rome than the Russian. But despite Yang, Rafer Johnson's chief rival at Eugene was Vasily Kuznetsov, or, at any rate, his world record. The shadow of Mr. K was as real at Eugene as the athletes who were there in the flesh.

It was conceded that the winner of the meet would come from the trio of Johnson, Yang or Oregon's Dave Edstrom, runner-up to Yang in last year's nationals. But Memphis' Phil Mulkey, thanks to a superb performance in the pole vault, slipped past Edstrom—who was hampered by a groin injury—to finish third. New York's Mike Herman, who eventually finished sixth, missed out only be-

continued

cause of a dismal failure in the javelin and a virtual scratch in the 1,500, which he officially entered but did not run because of a leg cramp. Johnson, Mulkey and Edstrom, the first three American finishers, became the U.S. Olympic entry.

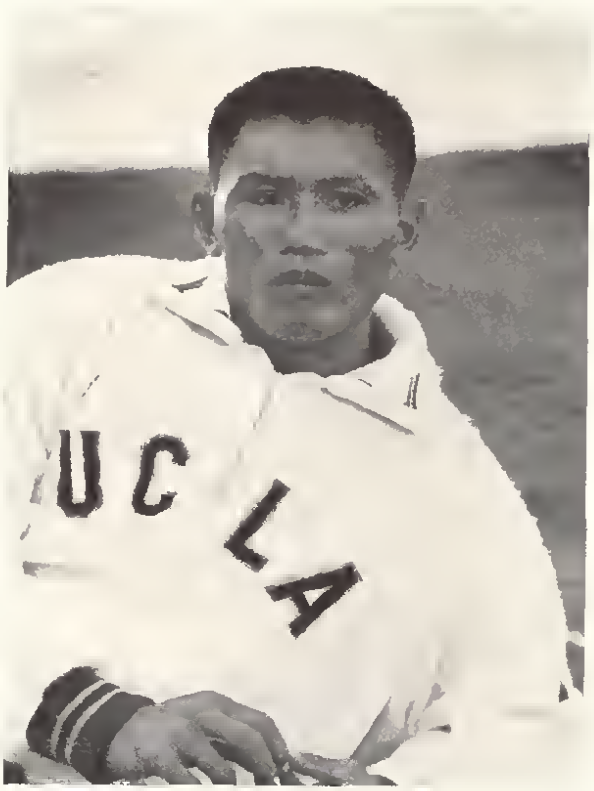
The decathlon is an orgy of interrelated statistics, as complicated in its way as the quantum theory. Every performance in each of the 10 events is measured against a basic standard, and points are awarded in proportion to how closely the athlete approaches (or surpasses) that standard. Ideally, an athlete would average 1,000 points per event for a grand total of 10,000. Perhaps someday someone will actually do that. But Johnson himself, not a boastful man, declared last weekend, "It will be a long time before anyone beats this record."

It will be a long time for two reasons. For one, it probably will be a long time before anyone combines the strength and size of Rafer Johnson with his speed. For another, it will be a long time before decathloners find a broad-jump runway and pit to match the one that the University of Oregon's coach, Bill Bowerman, constructed for this decathlon meet.

Designed by Bowerman and built with his own funds ($600), the broad-jump runway is four feet wide and 160 feet long. Both the runway and the pit are raised one foot above the level of the ground. Built of wood, the runway is topped by a composition of rubber and asphalt. The runway and pit are also used for the pole vault.

Before the decatblon, Bowerman had been concerned because no one ever had managed to jump more than 25 feet on the old existing runway, which headed into Eugene's strong and prevailing northwesterly winds. The pit, moreover, was at the north end of the field, extremely poor from a spectator point of view. He decided this would be a depressing target for the national decathlon stars. He built his new one, headed south and parallel to the stands, with the distances (23 feet, 24 feet, 25 feet, etc.) marked on the board sides of the pit.

The decathloners had a field day on it. Mike Herman almost jumped right onto the Olympic team with a tremendous 26 feet, three inches. More important, Rafer Johnson, who had not dared trust his aching back in the jolting broad jump in practice and who had tried the event only three times in the past year and a half, jumped 24 feet, 9¼ inches to earn 986 points. Dave Edstrom, despite his groin injury, posted his all-time best of 24 feet, 3 inches and, content with that, skipped his last two jumps.



RUNNER-UP TO JOHNSON WAS C. K. YANG OF FORMOSA

Bowerman plans to lengthen the pit for the broad jumpers who will be on hand when the Olympic team goes into training at Eugene later this month. He is afraid 27 feet may not be long enough and that Jesse Owens' world record of 26 feet, 8¼ inches, which has stood since 1935, may be broken.

Rafer Johnson grinned misbievously when asked about the Bowerman runway. "There's no doubt you get a take-off," he said on the first day of competition, before even his admirers had begun to reckon on a record. The next day Rafer softpedaled his views, allowing that his high jump (which was on the existing pit, not noticeably conducive to exceptional scoring) was what had really put him into his world record orbit.

Johnson was in the enviable position of having broken the world record after only nine events. In the final, lung-searing 1,500 (which he hates, moaning "It's ridiculous") Rafer had only to jog around in anything better than the minimal time of 5:50 to pad his record. He did 5:09.9 to pick up a respectable 202 points.

It is hard to imagine an event that can chew a man up physically as much as the decathlon. Most of the entrants spent equal amounts of time on the training table, under the heat machines or in exhausted sleep. "The second day is the worst because it's the second day," said Rafer. "You are too tired to walk, yet you got to run."

Toward the end of that tiring second day Rafer's elation at his new record was tinged with suspense. His friend, Yang, with whom he works out at UCLA between meets, was only a few hundred points behind Johnson when he took his mark for the 1,500. Yang had run the event previously in better than 4:35—as he would have had to do to defeat Rafer—but never in a decathlon. Indeed, it is questionable whether Herb Elliott could better five minutes after spending two days running dashes and hurdles, jumping, vaulting, throwing weights. Still, Rafer was worried and turned aside the reassurances of his friends. Yet when Yang tied up on the first quarter and almost fell, Rafer, forgetting his record, ran to his side. He virtually trotted the rest of the race, exhorting Yang to keep going.

It will be a long time before track fans—or the fans of any sport—can reasonably expect to see another athlete of the magnificence, in every way, of Rafer Johnson. **END**



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Of course, Schweppes costs a little more than ordinary tonics. But as Commander Whitehead will tell you, the real stuff always *does!*

M1



CALIFORNIA CONDOR FLEXES WINGS FOR TAKE-OFF FROM PERCH NEAR ITS NEST

CONDORS ON THE RISE

A most-specialized glider is soaring again after hovering near the brink of extinction

by GILBERT CANT

WHEN the motorcade started north from Fillmore one Sunday morning in May the southern-exposure California coast and the mountain ranges behind it were enjoying brilliantly usual weather: temperature moderate but climbing with the sun, humidity low, visibility unlimited. Paced by a U.S. Forest Service truck, 23 sedans and station wagons swung off the pavement after a couple of miles and onto a hairpin mountain road. This was the Squaw Flat road, which leads into the heart of the Sespe Wildlife Area in Los Padres National Forest.

The cars carried an assortment of men and women of all ages and an almost equal weight and variety of high-grade optical equipment. It took them an hour of second- and low-gear work to reach a broad parking space called Bucksnort Lookout, at about 3,700 feet.

Here the human cargo leaped out and went to work feverishly with the optical supercargo. Tripods were set up to carry Balscopes and both still and movie cameras with menacing telephoto lenses. One man had a Balscope mounted on a rifle stock. Every last jack of them had binoculars. A Forest Service man pointed out the objective: a grassy shoulder about 4,700 feet high, just below the head of Whiteacre Peak (5,079 feet). At this spot, field men for the Forest Service and the California Fish and Game Commission had spotted the carcasses of two mule deer.

The question was, had *they* spotted them, too? And if so, would *they* spend some time in the area, so that *they* could be identified and studied and photographed?

As the Balscopes were trained and focused, a cry went up: "There are two of them there!" "Where? Circling?" "No, on the rocks just below the crest—in the grassy area—a bit right of center."

The entire 75-man expedition trained its battery of binoculars and scopes on the spot indicated, as though to lay down a withering barrage. But the only sounds that followed were well-modulated grunts and murmurs of satisfaction. Soon *they* appeared in greater numbers, arriving over the ridge in twos and threes. Success!

What was the objective of this elaborate safari? What were *they*?

They were California condors. And the men and women who had risen at dawn in Los Angeles and journeyed out to observe them were members and guests of the Cooper Ornithological Society. The morning's efforts brought them great satisfaction. For the condor, one of America's most majestic birds, had seemed for more than half a century to be gliding inexorably downhill to join the great auk and the passenger pigeon in ignominious extinction.

Now, as more of the great birds soared over Whiteacre ridge, it looked as though the species had hit an updraft. No exact figures are available, and among the observers at Bucksnort Lookout there were some snorts of apprehension and grumbles of pessimism. But most veterans of the fight to save the condor believe the birds have increased from a low of scarcely more than 50 in the late 1940s to at least 70, and perhaps more, today. On the Cooper field trip, more condor lovers (including some of the world's most distinguished ornithologists and conservationists) saw more condors than at any time in this century.

In preconservation days such a

report would probably have been met with a cynical "So what?" For, judged by ordinary standards, the California condor is no beauty when feeding or at rest. Most of its plumage is a funereal black, and the white bar showing through its wing is as cheery as the carnation in an undertaker's lapel. The condor's head is brightly colored in orange and red, but that is because the skin is featherless and naked. Finally, the condor is a vulture. It lives on carrion, and it is wisest not to ask about details of its table manners.

But the California condor is nevertheless a thing of beauty, and it cannot be judged by any ordinary standard. It has the greatest wing span of any North American bird (though it is not the biggest in the sense of being the tallest or the heaviest). It is the most specialized and perhaps the most nearly perfect gliding machine that nature has produced for operating over land. Its effortless soaring and incredibly long glides are the envy of aeronauts and inspiring to anyone lucky enough to observe them.

Granted that the condor cannot stand superficial comparison with the well-publicized whooping crane with its graceful, ballerina body of virginal white, it is still entitled to a permanent place among American wildlife. Preserving it has been as tricky a problem as conservationists have ever met. Keeping its numbers on the upgrade, or even stationary, will demand eternal vigilance as well as considerable energy and self-restraint by conservationists.

The condor qualifies as a nature monument under an inter-American treaty for the protection of wildlife. It has earned the name as well as the protection, for it is one of the most ancient of birds. It is close kin to the Teratornis (monster bird), known only from fossil remains in the Rancho La Brea tar pits in Los Angeles—perhaps the biggest bird that ever flew. In those same tar pits are the remains, laid down 20,000 to 100,000 years ago, of condors almost identical with the few that survive today. The great birds ranged at least from the Columbia River into Baja California, and eastward to Texas. But with the speed of a melting glacier the climate changed, and the condors' range shrank. With California's population boom ranches were turned into grain fields and fruit orchards. And when oil was found in the mountains near the condors' last nesting retreats, the birds appeared to be doomed.

The trouble with the California condor (*Gymnogyps californianus*) is that the bird is as unadaptable as it is specialized. Nature evolved it as a glider with a high wing-loading. It is virtually unable to take off in flat air or from flat ground. The Andean condor (*Vultur gryphus*) sails effortlessly above flatlands and over the ocean to offshore islands. The California condor is not so versatile. It seldom ventures out over the flatlands four or five miles from its favored Coast Range and has never

continued



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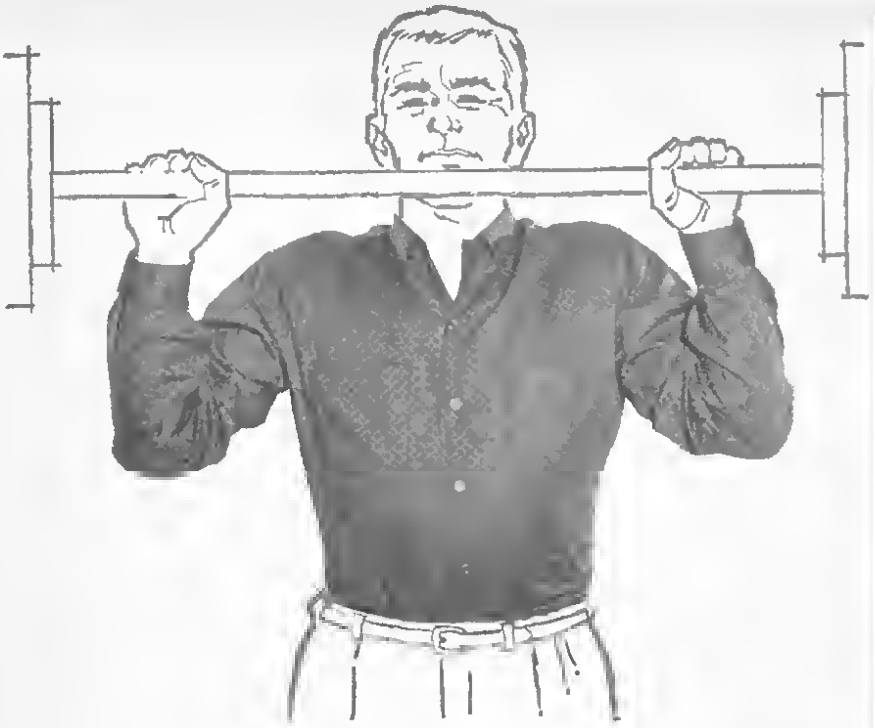
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made it to the Channel Islands, only 30 miles from Santa Barbara.

By comparison with the early-rising worm-eating robin, the condor is a sluggard. Of every 24 hours, it spends 15 to 18 sleeping or preening and sunning itself. It is the latest riser known. Though the sun may be up at 5 a.m. in summertime, the condors roosting on sandstone cliffs or in dead big-cone spruces sit around for hours. They stretch wearily and sometimes shake themselves, dog fashion, to rid their plumage of fog



SMOOTH-GLIDING condor swoops in for landing with wings raised and gear down.

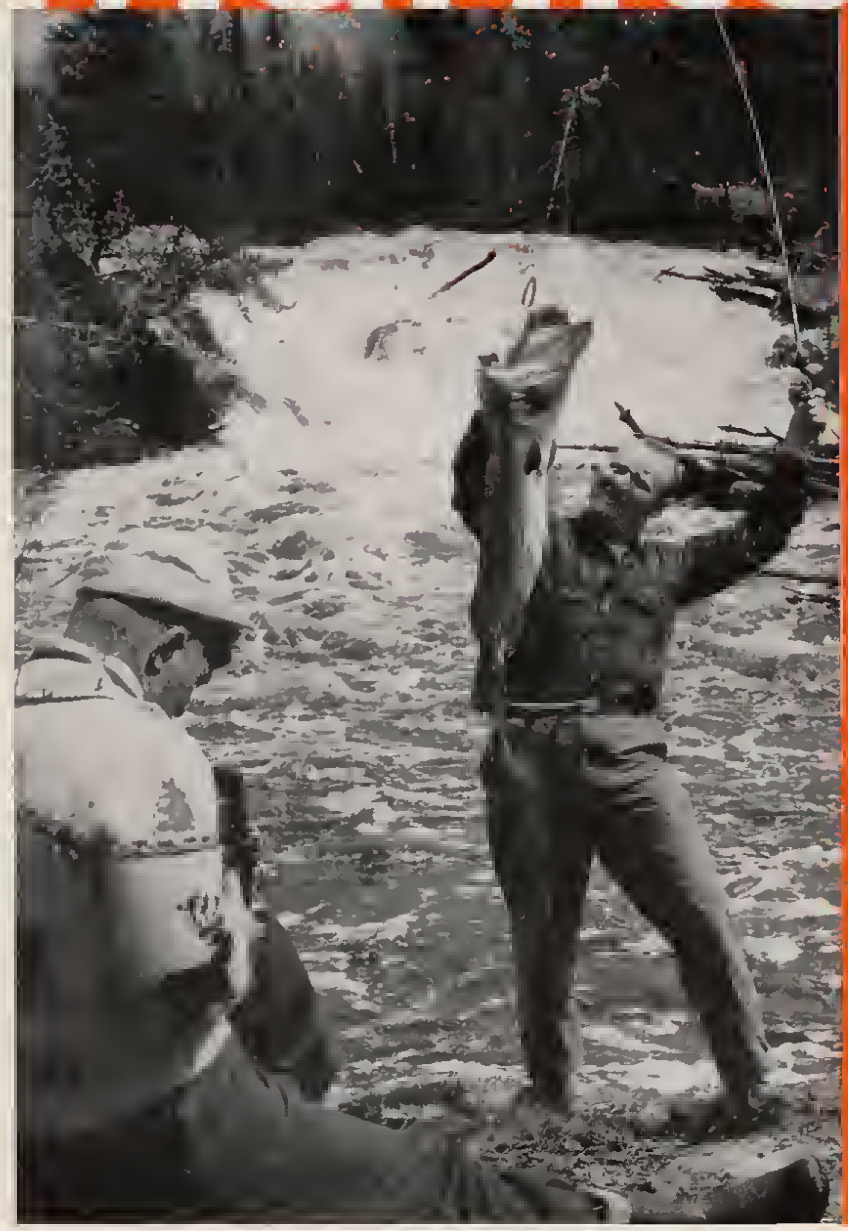
droplets. Then they preen, interminably, with the vanity of a prima donna preparing for a date with a duke. They stretch their great wings to dry and hold the pose for minutes on end. Eventually, if the ascending sun has warmed the pale ground enough to start an upcanyon wind, they test its strength by opening their wings and leaning forward against it. Only when it satisfies their keen sense of aerodynamics do they launch themselves with a mighty leap forward. Then with a few muscular flaps which may be heard half a mile away they get into climbing attitude.

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continued



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feathers) may be audible 100 yards away. After rising on a thermal current the condor glides to a foraging area. In rising air he can maintain altitude while traveling at 40 mph or better, and a single glide may carry him eight or 10 miles. Then he is ready for brunch. One meal a day, averaging about two pounds of meat, suffices. By mid-afternoon the condor is on his way back to a roosting area (near his nest, if he is raising a family), there to drink, to bathe, to preen, to sleep.

For all the bird's monumental conspicuousness, surprisingly little was known about the condor until 1953. At that time the National Audubon Society published a research monograph by Carl B. Koford, who had trained as both a forester and ornithologist.

The condor, Koford found, needs to be able to find food of its own choosing, in its own way, and in a sharply defined habitat: on the upper slopes of the ridges over which it can soar. (Carcasses in the brushy bottoms of canyons are often ignored.) It needs a large area to forage over. It needs roosting places, preferably in big dead trees but sometimes on the rocky projections of cliffs, where it can spend its long sedentary hours undisturbed. It needs water holes, high up for easy take-off. Obviously, it needs absolute protection against trappers, gunners and egg collectors. But most striking is its demand for privacy, especially around the nest.

Many birds are so determined to feed their young that they will return to the nest even under highly disturbed conditions. Not the condor. Photographers have sometimes disturbed condors by their mere presence, so that the birds left their young unfed. Condors will also desert a favored roosting area, or the site of an obviously desirable carcass, if a man walks or drives within half a mile.

Even with the rising count of condors there is no margin of safety. Up to one third of the total population are always immatures—the bird does not breed until 5 or 6 years old. That would leave, at most, 40 adults, or 20 pairs. Because the single chick remains helpless in the nest for five months and cannot fly well enough to forage fully for itself until it is at least a year old, the adults breed only every other year.

Although most experts put today's condor population at around the 70 mark, one, perhaps the best informed, thinks that it may be as high as 90, but he is not willing to have his name linked with that estimate. In any case, the number is still perilously low, with no easy solution apparent to increase it.

One suggestion that has torn condor lovers into two irreconcilable camps is to try raising the birds in captivity. This proposal came from Mrs. Belle Benchley, then the go-getting director of the San Diego Zoo, on the strength of her success in raising Andean condors behind bars. Over the bitter opposition of the Audubon Society, which was paying a warden to protect the birds, she got a permit to trap two condors, and sent Lewis Walker into the forest to bag them. Fortunately, he failed. The idea was bad to begin with. In condors the sexes are indistinguishable, so there was less than a 50% chance that any two birds trapped would be male and female and suitable for pairing. In any case, nature lovers are not interested in

continued



WHERE TO LOOK FOR CONDORS

1 Carrizo Plains area: from Rte. 33 at Coalinga, take Rte. 198 west for 11 miles, then turn south along ridge toward Parkfield. **2** Cholame Flats area: farm roads around junction of Rtes. 466 and 41 at Cholame. **3** Cuyama Peak-Sespe canyon area: from Rte. 399, between Ojai and the Santa Barbara county line. A good way station is Nordhoff Peak (4,477 ft.); entrance road six miles north of Ojai on Rte. 399. **4** Sespe Wildlife Area: from Squaw Flat Road (only road in the area that is graded and open to the public all year, even in fire season). Drive north approx. 14 miles from Fillmore, beyond Squaw Flat to Bucksnort Lookout, a large parking area on the left; or to Cow Springs (at the end of the road). **5** Piru canyon around Whitaker Peak (4,147 ft.), from Rte. 99, between Castaic and Gorman. **6** Wheeler Ridge area: from junction of Rtes. 99 and 166, and east of 99 toward Arvin **7** Sequoia National Forest: Breckenridge Mt. (7,579 ft.), accessible June-November. (Eleven immature condors in one flock sighted here last month by fire guards.)



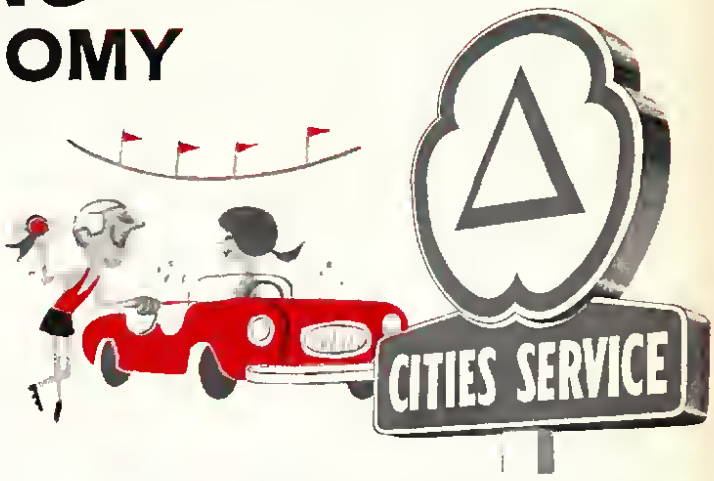
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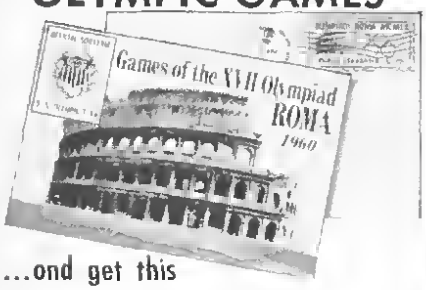
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seeing a rare and threatened species like the condor in zoos (there are none there now). They want to see them in the raw and believe that only in the wild can they survive as a species.

That is where the birds' best friends may become their worst enemies. To marshal public support for the herculean efforts needed to protect the condor, conservation authorities realize that nature lovers must be given a chance to appreciate and admire them. (In this spirit they cooperated in giving directions to the most advantageous lookout points, shown on the map.) But they insist on keeping birders and photographers far away from nesting and roosting areas, and they try to keep them at least half a mile from feeding birds. The Cooper Society's condor watch was set up along these lines.

Kenneth E. Stager, curator of birds at the Los Angeles County Museum, as field-trip chairman for the society, arranged the watch in cooperation with the Forest Service and the Fish and Game Commission. It was a complex but rewarding job. The condors' heartland is like a nest of boxes. Outermost is the Los Padres National Forest, 82 by 32 miles. Within this is the Sespe Wildlife Area, 13 by six miles—no hunting or trapping allowed. Inside this, in turn, is an irregular area of 16 square miles, designated the condor preserve, into which surface entry is prohibited except by special permit, which the Forest Service rarely grants. The preserve includes the Hole in the Wall and most of the other sites where condors have tried to nest in recent years.

From Fillmore the Squaw Flat road runs north through the Wildlife Area to Cow Springs, roughly paralleling the western boundary of the inner sanctum. The Cooper group at Bucksnort saw the first two condors warily reconnoitering the feed, then, as others joined them, settling down to a late breakfast. Most of the birds stayed around their feeding ground, three-quarters of a mile from the watchers. But four, in a tight formation, led by an adult with a bright orange head and the purest of white wing linings (they are patchy or dusky in immatures) became inquisitive and sailed directly over the lookout at about 2,000 feet. "They're people-watching," somebody said. The day's high count was 22 condors in the air at once—magnificent, impressive and encouraging.

Over lunch (interrupted by a cry of "Condors coming closer from the south!"), learned men and women from at least five nations and two dozen universities debated the condor's chance of survival. Pessimists argued that with the city limits 25 miles away, "Los Angeles is spreading this way and crowding us already." The consensus, though filled with the conservationist's typical alarm reaction, was a bit more hopeful. One reason is that the ranchers, although they still prefer not to leave cattle carcasses lying around as they once did, have become the condor's good friends They are extremely jealous about trespass, so they automatically create condor sanctuaries. And while the birds nest mainly within the preserve, they do most of their foraging beyond its borders, up to 30 or 40 miles away in a day, so this extended range is important.

The Forest Service, armed with a 1951 executive order shutting off further penetration of the 16-square-mile preserve by oil prospectors (unless they start drilling outside and bore diagonally), has stood firm against encroachment. It selects a condor patrolman, with the Audubon Society paying half his yearly salary, to guard against surface entry. Patrolman Jack W. Gaines, appointed a year ago, recently packed into the preserve on horseback. The trip took days, because so much brush had to be cut. But Gaines saw five occupied nests, two with young and three where adults appeared to be incubating.

Everything counts

The bad old days when some species of birds and beasts were condemned to extermination as "vermin," or slighted as of "no economic value," are gone. More and more often the old saying about pregnancy is being applied to ecology: "You can't be for conservation just a little bit." Man is not yet wise enough to pick and choose what is worth conserving. If he is to serve and conserve himself, he had best conserve something of everything else, including the vultures with which nature anticipated the Department of Sanitation. And the most splendid of vultures is the California condor. **END**



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BEAUTY ON THE BARS

Luscious Ernie Russell, Canada's champion gymnast, should be the prettiest athlete in Rome this summer

by JOE DAVID BROWN

THE GREEKS, who had the right word for everything, had no trouble at all in finding a name for those places where competitors in public games were trained. Since all athletes practiced and competed entirely unclothed in those heroic days, the Greeks called their training quarters gymnasiums, taken from a word which meant, simply, naked. Perhaps this is one reason why over the centuries gymnastics has been a sport in which the human body is just as much admired for the way it looks as for the way it performs. It also explains why the pert and pocket-sized Aphrodite on the opposite page is considered in gymnastic circles to be one of the finest women athletes in the world.

Her name is Ernestine Jean Russell; she is 22 years old, exactly five feet tall, and her 110 pounds are becomingly distributed over a marvelously supple body—dimensions 35-24-34. The record proves that she is the best woman gymnast in North America, and it may well be that she is the prettiest woman athlete in competition anywhere.

A Canadian by birth but an American bride for the last seven months, Ernie Russell is a senior in physical education at Michigan State University. Last week between summer classes she was spending five to six hours a day in MSU's cavernous and deserted field house gym, perfecting her routines for the Canadian Olympic tryouts, which take place soon. Actually, Ernie's ticket to Rome was as good as bought. There are few gymnastics prizes she has missed once she set out after them. In the nine years since she entered competition as an 85-pound high school freshman, she has flipped, balanced and tumbled her way to 106 regional, state and national championships. She has won the Canadian women's championship six times in a row. She won the U.S. title three times and was an odds-on favorite to win it again this year before she stepped out of the competition because it was also a tryout for the Olympics.

A three-year record

Canada—at least, all of Canada that reads the newspapers—and Ernie have had a love affair for years now. She was chosen Canadian amateur woman athlete of the year three years in a row, a record equaled only by Figure Skater Barbara Ann Scott. Ernie's picture appears in Canadian newspapers as regularly as a movie starlet's.

It was largely because of Ernie's spectacular routines that Canada decided to send a gymnastics team to Melbourne at all. It had not taken part in Olympic gymnastics since 1912. In fact, Ernie has sparked a revived interest in gymnastics all over the country. Some people contend that it was because of the publicity he got while directing her career that Ernie's old coach, Bernard Newman, a high school teacher, was elected to the Windsor council and, eventually, to the legislature.

In 1958, when Ernie was the only woman among 88 gymnasts invited to Moscow to participate in Russia's World Gymnastics Championships, there was an angry spate of headlines in Canadian newspapers over reports that she had been bundled out of Moscow as soon as the contest was over, without even being given a tourist's privilege of looking around. The headlines grew blacker daily, and there was even talk of an official protest being lodged, when Ernie arrived home, exhausted and somewhat underweight, and put the story straight. She had not been booted out of Moscow; in fact, she had been treated warmly and hospitably by both her Russian competitors and Russian audiences. The mix-up apparently occurred because her coach, Bernie Newman, had complained about Russian food and about the fact that Russian officials would not let him stop off in the Ukraine on his way out of the country.

Ernie likes the Russians as competitors, but more than anything else she is grateful to them for showing her a gymnastics style she never knew existed until she saw them make a sweep at Melbourne. "They are far superior to any gymnasts in the Western countries," she says. "Our big trouble is that our gymnastics routines have always been based on men's routines. The Russians have an entirely new technique, and it's breathtaking and beautiful. Instead of taking a position and holding it, they are in constant motion all the

continued

PRACTICING ROUTINES in Michigan State gym, Ernie shows near-perfect form.





ERNIE MAINTAINS A DIFFICULT ONE-ARM BALANCE WITHOUT REVEALING STRAIN

time. They take one position and slide into another and another. It's closer to ballet than anything I can think of. Their extensions—the movements of arms and legs—are straight out of ballet. Where girls in the West raise their legs only up to here . . . they go way up to there. Until we reached Melbourne we weren't even aware that they did their routines to music. It makes all the difference in the world. The Russians try for grace, not just acrobatics. And don't let anyone tell you Russian women are chunky and muscular. Why, most of their gymnasts look like ballerinas, tall and slim and graceful."

Since Melbourne and again since Moscow, Ernie has altered her style and routines, but she does not think she will ever catch up to the Russians. After she graduates from MSU this year, however, she plans to teach physical education at Everett High School in Lansing, and she is grimly determined to have the best girls' gymnastics team in the U.S. "Boy oh boy! The things I've got to teach," she says. "I may not ever be able to catch up, but at least I have something to pass on. Why, nearly everywhere you look gymnastics is being taught incorrectly. I'm always seeing little girls with more nerve than a sore tooth doing something like, say, a back flip with a full twist. They think because it's difficult they'll impress judges. That's because they haven't seen the Russians and don't know any better."

Russian routines are better

Although he groused publicly at Melbourne when he first saw the Russian girls in action ("All you need is a few little ballet steps and you get high points"), Coach Newman now agrees with Ernie that the Russian system is better. He has changed his style of teaching, and since he and Ernie probably have more effect on gymnastics than any other two people in North America, most U.S. and Canadian coaches will fall in line. Newman also admits that he and Ernie together probably fixed the present U.S. style. "When I started coaching I knew nothing about women's gymnastics," he says, "so I just taught them the same as men. In the men's routines you use a lot of muscle. There are spots where they hold a position for one or two seconds. I taught the girls to do this. Then in May 1955 Ernestine won the U.S. national championships at Rochester, the first time any competitor ever won 10 firsts in the 10 events. This sweep caused the best American coaches to follow her style. After all, if a girl from a backwoods country like Canada can come down and win every event, she must be doing it the right way. Now, a lot of American girls who copied her style after that meet are changing to Ernie's *new* style. Sure, we changed a lot of things after we found out for the first time how they do it in Europe."

Although Newman no longer coaches Ernie full time and they frequently dispute each other in print, they are still close and affectionate friends. It would be difficult to say whose gymnastics career has benefited more from their long association. It began back in 1952 when Ernie began tagging along with neighborhood kids down to a vacant lot near her home in Windsor where Newman had set up some bars and a trampoline for the Windsor Gymnastics Club, which he coached in his spare time. "I watched for a few after-

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noons," Ernie recalls, "and then I asked Bernie if I could jump on the trampoline. He said I could, so I took off my shoes and got on it. They darn near couldn't get me off after that."

Actually, Ernie already had more than enthusiasm. Her mother, Rene, who had a brief career as a professional dancer, runs a dancing school in downtown Windsor, and Ernie had been taking ballet and acrobatic dancing since she was 4. Her father, Donald, a foreman at the local Ford plant, had been something of an athlete when he was a youth in Edinburgh, Scotland, and he had taught Ernie a few acrobatic tricks, such as cartwheels and handstands. In no time at all, Newman recognized her natural aptitude for gymnastics and took her in hand.

Unlike some youngsters, Ernie didn't mind practicing, and to this day she finds gymnastics sheer fun. "It's all I ever wanted to do," she says. "I've really had a ball."

It was in June 1952 that Ernie first stepped on a trampoline. In just over two years she was Canadian champion, had won more than 50 firsts in gymnastics contests from Chicago to New York and had been twice named Canada's outstanding woman athlete of the year.

An offer from Michigan

When she graduated from Windsor's Kennedy Collegiate high school in 1954 with a B average, Ernie was inundated with scholarship offers. One of these, for tuition only and subject to her passing a proficiency test, was from Michigan State. Ernie took it because she knew that MSU's gymnastics coach, George Szypula, was one of the finest. She also was aware that the school had one of the most elaborate athletic plants in the nation. Unfortunately, things never quite worked out as she had planned. For one thing, working with Szypula full time also meant working at men's gymnastics with the men's team. But Ernie has received some special coaching from Szypula, she has full use of half a dozen splendidly equipped gyms and her gymnastics exhibitions have made her a campus queen.

She also met her husband, John Carter, at MSU, where he was a star baseball player. They were married last December, after his graduation, and he is now an assistant ticket manager in State's athletic department. They live in a small efficiency apartment in faculty quarters on the East Lansing campus.

Twice within the last three years Ernie has had overtures from movie scouts, but so far nothing has come of them. She has no particular objection to turning professional when she graduates and takes up teaching but, as she points out, there is really not much scope for a gymnast in show business. "When people think of gymnasts," she says, "they think of those muscled ladies in the circus. There's always acrobatic dancing, of course, but I don't think I would be interested in that."

Bernie Newman has no doubts at all about Ernie's future. "Gymnasts are a hardy breed," he says. "They go on until they are past 40. She could have a family and, if she keeps her figure, come back to the sport in later years. One woman in the last Olympics was over 40 and she won points. Like show business, this gets in your blood. You hate to give up the roar of the crowd and the feeling of being the center of attraction." **END**



IN CAMPUS HONEYMOON FLAT, ERNIE AND HER HUSBAND JOHN CHECK UNIFORMS



BAREFOOT KENNETH FRENCH FINDS A GREEN WINE BOTTLE THAT WILL BRING $1

FLOTSAM FOR A FAMILY

The beachcombing Frenches find pleasure and profit roaming a Texas sand bar

by HUSTON HORN

THE longest stretch of undeveloped seashore in the U.S., little known outside its own neighborhood, is a noodle-narrow 117-mile sand bar called Padre Island. Sixty thousand acres of subtropical semiwilderness, the island lies a rough five miles off the Gulf Coast of Texas and extends from Corpus Christi in the north to Brownsville in the south. It was once the year-round playground of the Karankawan Indians. They were cannibals. Today, tastes on Padre Island run more to shrimp salad and Lone Star beer; but otherwise, except for the small civilized outposts at either end, the island is much as it has always been, primitive, desolate and hot as a branding iron.

There are some, of course, who like it this way just fine, including jack rabbits, curlews, sand crabs, rattlesnakes and one independent young Texan named Eugene Lee French. Gene French says this: "One man can walk all the way down that beach and maybe not see anything. I can walk down it and see nickels, dimes and

dollars all over the place." Gene French is a beachcomber.

As French will tell you, Padre Island, because of its relative isolation and because of its long reach down the western rim of the Gulf of Mexico, offers a man some of the best beachcombings in the whole U.S. It is so rich in such seaside staples as shells, bottles and driftwood that French, after only 18 months on the job, has built up a business worth $20,000. And he sees even brighter prospects for the future because ocean currents and trade winds will doubtless continue to supply his wants, and people, especially touring people who come to the area, will continue to indulge their weakness for almost anything that has been picked up off a beach.

To encourage and develop this tourist weakness, French has naturally gone to some trouble. FRENCH THE BEACHCOMBER, YOUR HOST says a sign in front of his shop on the Corpus Christi end of Padre Island. And weathered driftwood planks and melancholy fish nets contribute to an intoxicating illusion of adventure and mystery. Once inside, the customer succumbs to the spell, it would seem, for French demands, and usually gets, such adventurous prices as these: $5 for a nice fat whelk shell, 5c for an ordinary, every day scallop shell; $9 for a polished piece of ebony driftwood washed up from the faraway Amazon; 25¢ for a cork float lost from a shrimp boat net; $25 for a 1¼-inch, "perfect specimen" of a Mitchell's Wentletrap shell; $15 for an old bottle scuffed by the sand and blackened by time; and 35¢ for a pound of assorted little shells, just the thing for the aquarium back home and available to French by the ton on a patch of Padre Island known locally as Little Shell beach.

continued



ONE-DAY HARVEST is surveyed by French. Clockwise from lower left are driftwood scraps, Guinness beer bottles, whelk shells, a life raft, sea-cock plugs, coconuts and shrimp net floats. Map below locates Padre Island off the Texas Gulf Coast.





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Yet, expedient and profitable as the practice is, running the shop is a burden somewhat alien to the nature of Gene French. "Ever since I was a little boy living in Corpus Christi," he says, "I've had a thing about this island. It was only a couple of years ago, though, that I realized I could spend a lot of time out here and still earn a living. Now that I know it's possible, I guess I've become a little spoiled. I'm just waiting for the day I can afford to pay somebody to run the shop for me so I can spend *all* my time on the beach." His feeling for Padre Island is shared by his wife, Evelyn, who says: "Without our trips down the beach, work in the shop would be plain, mean drudgery. When we're out beachcombing, that's our reward. We're on vacation."

On that fortunate basis, Gene, Evelyn and their two children, Kenneth, 7, and Carol Anne, 9, take 12 vacations each year (Padre Island merely simmers down in the winter). And the two-day expedition each month, about 180 miles round trip, is surrounded with the excitement of a holiday outing.

To get where the pickings are best, French drives an old army command car, a sort of outsize jeep, left over from World War II. It is painted a furious orange color and may well be visible in Mexico. His latest trip, a few weeks ago, began shortly after sunup. With his children perched on the groceries in the back and his wife on the running board, French shifted into four-wheel drive and the command car scratched off in the sand.

Beachcombers at work

A beachcomber, to be successful, must be selective. He does not want *everything* that litters the beach; he would not have room for it anyway. The four Frenches at work, therefore, function like four radar scanning antennas. Their eyes sweep over the beach in widening circles as the command car bears them along at a jiggling 15 miles per hour, and they shout out when a likely object comes



FRENCH TIES SALVAGED SHRIMP-BOAT ANCHOR TO TAILGATE TO MAKE ROOM FOR

into range. "Sea bean, sea bean!" cried Mrs. French, startlingly, after the first five minutes. Sure enough, 25 yards off to the right, lay a sea bean and, as French lifted his foot from the accelerator, the command car mushed to a stop in the puffy sand. A sea bean is a kind of seed the size of a half dollar and it closely resembles a burned butter bean. It is worth 10¢ on the beachcombing market any day of the week. Hardly a remarkable discovery for a trip that had already cost French $50 in gasoline and groceries, but a discovery all the same. Happily, the sea bean lay close beside a beer bottle barely visible in a drift. No ordinary beer bottle, this was one of 150,000 dumped into the Atlantic early last year by Ireland's Guinness Brewery as a promotion stunt. Sealed and bearing a note inside, it is worth a small ashtray to anyone troubling to write the brewery. It is worth, on the other hand, $1 to French, who has found more than 300 on the beach and has sold them for that. "I guess

continued



KENNETH, CAROL ANNE, WIFE EVELYN

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everybody has a little of the beachcomber in him," says French. "Owning a bottle with a note in it makes him feel authentic."

For the first 35 miles, the car described a zigzag course over the beach, and by 10 a.m. the Frenches had gathered in a harvest of Guinness bottles, wooden plugs from the sea cocks of shrimp boats (a shrimp-boat plug, the size of a coffee can, is fine as a lamp base, candlestick stand or doorstop and fetches 75¢ back at the shop), coconuts, a mahogany stump worth $50, cork and plastic net floats, whelk shells, sand dollars and wine bottles. Bottles abound on Padre Island and, says French, they are irresistible to his customers. "Any wine or rum bottle so long as it's green and sandy is worth a dollar. I find it hard to pass them up."

But commonplace green bottles, dollar or no, were not what French wanted most. The real money is in antique, or almost antique, bottles (a tourist sees visions of Blackbeard and the boys chucking them into the Spanish Main after a hanging party), and the few old bottles on Padre are to be found off the beach and behind the dunes that migrate along the island's spine. "The old bottles are nearly all buried," says French, "and to find them we have to keep going back to the same places to see if the wind has uncovered any." Accordingly, French turned the command car into the dunes (he has permission from a cattle ranch holding title to the dune land to do so), and everybody piled out and walked. Last year Evelyn French found a Belgian hand-pressed bottle, estimated by a glass expert to be 150 years old, and French has turned down an offer of $150 for it. This particular venture was less rewarding, although one bottle found by Kenneth now bears a $20 price tag.

Alternately nosing into the dunes and following a meandering course on the open beach, French had by sundown accumulated more than $175 worth of plunder, not counting an anchor found beside the beached, burned-out hull of a shrimp boat. Wrecked shrimpers are rare enough, but anchors are rarer still. That being so, Evelyn announced with some finality that it would not be for sale; it would serve instead, she said, to

further the shop's seafaring atmosphere. (The $175 figure does not include, either, the possible value of a glass stopper picked up by Carol Anne. To all appearances, it had fallen out of the neck of an old Lea & Perrins Worcestershire Sauce bottle.

Camp that night was pitched some 70 miles from Corpus Christi in a driftwood-plank shack French built for such occasions on an earlier trip. (A supporting column of the shack bears the name, in Japanese ideographs, of Sugi Masasumi, the significance of which remains cloaked in Oriental mystery.) The next morning, after a breakfast of eggs, scrambled because nine of the dozen brought along were broken en route, the Frenches pushed off to the south again, using the same exploratory patterns as before, until they reached the Port Mansfield channel, a man-made boat canal that cuts across the lower fourth of Padre Island. Here, beside concrete jetties marking the channel's mouth, French and his family waded into the Gulf to gather tiny, convoluted shark-eye shells inhabited by hermit crabs. Worth a dime apiece, they were clinging to the jetties by the thousands.

A major discovery

The return trip, begun after noon of the second day, was uneventful except for two occurrences. One, minor in French's view, was running out of gas 40 miles from home—a passing jeep with extra gas solved that problem. The other, major in French's view, was Evelyn's discovery of a glass-ball fishing-net float. The float, said French with some excitement, had made its way to Padre Island from Japan, you could believe it or not. An oceanographer said later it was hard to believe, noting that the float's almost necessary trip through the stormy Strait of Magellan would have been its undoing. Another man said it was easy to believe, considering he had seen such glass floats used in West Indies bars that affect an Oriental décor. Beachcomber French won't argue the point. He counts the floats so rare, which they certainly are on Padre Island, and so valuable that he doesn't even offer the few he has found for sale.

And that, of course, is what makes Eugene Lee French a beachcomber. It is also what distinguishes him from a shopkeeper. END



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HANDS ARE THRDWN HIGH IN A JDYFUL SALUTE AND ONE CREW MEMBER EVEN STANDS UP IN THE SHELL AS EXUBERANT MIDDIES

The old Navy way

The Middies rocked rowing's boat with a surprise victory that won a trip to Rome

BROAD SHAFTS of wind made finger-like ripples on Onondaga Lake outside Syracuse, N.Y. last Saturday during the Olympic rowing trials. At the halfway mark of the 2,000-meter course there was an inviting flat spot. U.S. Naval Academy Coxswain Bill Long headed for it, and when it was reached he rapped the side of the eight-oared shell and called for "10 quick ones." From there the Navy varsity forged ahead like an atomic-powered destroyer. To the U.S. Olympic Committee, the result was clearly disconcerting. It had expected that one of the more polished crews in the trials would represent us at Rome.

"I hope," Olympic Committee Chairman Clifford (Tip) Goes solemnly announced two hours after Navy's victory, "that we will have a championship eight by August. How good is Navy? I really can't compare it with other Olympic crews. Crews are like prizefighters. You can't compare them when they are so many years apart."

Obviously, Goes was upset. Like most other rowing people, he figured California or Syracuse would win. At a meeting following the final race, nine of the 13-man U.S. committee caucused upstairs in Syracuse University's Ten Eyck boathouse. They were expected to name Navy coach Lou Lindsey as head coach of the 1960 U.S. team. Afterward, Goes tried to duck quickly past waiting reporters, then announced that Lindsey would be coach only of the U.S. eight. Stan Pocock, whose embryonic Lake Washington Rowing Club had astonishingly swept the two fours and two pairs with and without coxswains, would be known as coach of the small boats.

There was no mistaking the fact that Lindsey was done out of an honor. Traditionally, the man who wins the eight is known as the head coach of the U.S. team, whether or not he has anything to do with the small boats. In recent years, Navy's Rusty Callow (1952) and Yale's Jim Rathschmidt (1956) both were accorded that honor. "Tip suggested that we split the titles up and nobody argued about it," explained Detroiter L. Perry Manning, a committee member. "It surprised me at the time, but nobody seemed to object."

Honored or not, Lindsey, who coached Stanford for four years without pay, then quit for a year in 1959 because he could no longer afford it as a hobby, had good reason to be pleased by the showing of Navy's two crews. Thirteen boats had entered the trials, but there were only four places in the finals, and both the Navy plebes and the varsity made it through the preliminary heats.

Nevertheless, rugged California, fresh from its IRA victory, and Syracuse were the clear favorites on Saturday. Syracuse had a so-called "alumni" boat because two of the seats were filled by graduates. It became obvious the alumni greatly strengthened the boat—without them it finished ninth in the IRA—when Syracuse beat the Navy varsity in a semifinal heat on Friday.

Onondaga kicks up

After a morning rain, Saturday was clear and calm until late afternoon. By 5 o'clock, however, an 18-mile-an-hour wind was kicking up the lake. Lou Lindsey instructed his crew. "We laid out a very broad plan," he said. "I told them to row as high as the water conditions would permit at the start, regardless of their position in the race. At the halfway point I told Long to call for a sprint. From there on I told them to forget about all the other boats in the race and just row like hell for the finish line. Really, I think it was just a coincidence that the water was smooth when we came to tbe 1,000-meter mark."

According to the race announcer, California led throughout the first half of the race, with Syracuse a



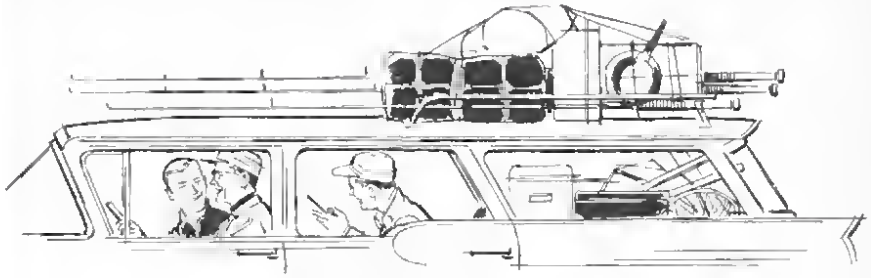
CELEBRATE WIN IN U.S. OLYMPIC TRIALS

quarter-length behind in second place and Navy's varsity the same distance behind in third. Reconstructed later by the oarsmen, however, it was established that Lindsey's crew got off to a good start, was caught by Syracuse at 500 meters, was in a dead heat at the halfway point and sprinted away from there.

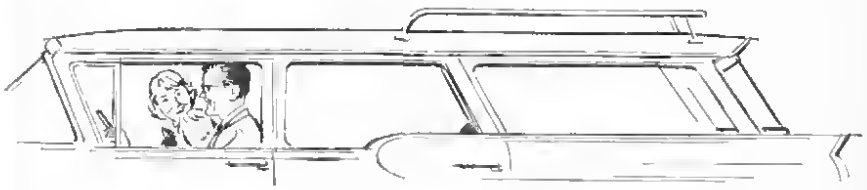
The Middie upperclassmen beat second-place California by one length, the widest victory margin of the trials in the eights. Navy's time was 6:46 and Cal's 6:50.1 (in rowing, every four seconds is about one boat length). Syracuse and the Navy plebes trailed one-half length behind and were clocked in 6:51.7 and 6:51.8. With a sturdy pair of sea legs, you could have walked from boat to boat.

"I'm not convinced," said Syracuse Coach Loren Schoel afterward, "that Navy is the best U.S. crew or that it will win in Rome. I thought my boat could have done better." Goes, who has crowed for weeks about this being potentially the finest over-all team to go to the Games, has also softened his tone. The U.S. made its best showing in history in 1956 by taking three gold, two silver and one bronze medal at Melbourne. "I doubt that we'll sweep everything this time," said the subdued chairman. "Actually we appear to be strongest in the two sculling events."

But Navy's hard-rowing crew has surprised the experts before, and with a great Olympic tradition behind it (Navy victories in 1920 and 1956) the Middies may well bring the U.S. its ninth straight gold medal in big-boat rowing. END



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SWIMMING / *Arlie W. Schardt*

Fast finish at 17

Youngest of an outstanding group of U.S. backstrokers, Bob Bennett is moving steadily toward his ultimate goal—a world record and an Olympic gold medal

A COUPLE of months ago when 17-year-old Bob Bennett broke the American record for the 100-meter backstroke, only one newspaper mentioned it. So Bob got smart. He waited for the biggest outdoor meet of the year on the West Coast, the Los Angeles Invitational, before he broke the record again. This time hundreds of papers mentioned it, especially since Bennett's time, 1:01.9, was only $\frac{1}{10}$ of a second off the world record.

A lot more will be written about Bob Bennett before the summer ends. He seems a fair bet to become one of the brightest—as well as one of the youngest—stars of the U.S. Olympic swimming team. In fact, there are plenty of people in the San Fernando Valley, where Bob lives, who will tell you that he is going to be another Johnny Weismuller.

Bob Bennett lives in a California-style ranch-house-with-pool with his parents, a toy French poodle, two German shepherds, 11 puppies and his sister Patti, who was 14 in May and is a cute blonde and a good competitive swimmer, too. A B+ student, Bob will be a senior at Birmingham High School next fall, although he didn't attend classes there last semester. Instead, a private tutor helped him with his German and U.S. history courses. This was so Bob could have more time free to swim and rest. Anyone training to be an Olympic swimmer needs a lot of time for both.

Although he is a handsome and well-liked boy, Bob hardly ever dates any more. His cream-colored Opel, which he used to drive to school every day, sits in the garage these days—and nights. Bob is so tired after his twice-daily workouts that "by 8:30 I just don't want to stay up."

On a typical day—and typical days occur at least five times each week—Bennett is out of bed at 6 a.m. He slips into a pair of blue jeans cut off halfway above the knee, eats breakfast and heads for the pool. His shirtless, deeply tanned body is so well developed from swimming and from hours of work on the horizontal bar in his backyard that he looks not unlike Li'l Abner—except that he wears his brown hair in a crew cut.

In the pool, swimming the backstroke, Bob's demeanor is grim. His eyes often shut tight for several strokes in succession. He is watched closely by his coach, Kris Kristenson, a short, solidly built, friendly man who runs a swimming school in North Hollywood. Kristenson spent last summer coaching the U.S. women's Pan American team and has been guiding Bob toward the 1960 Olympics for eight years.

Bennett and Kristenson are not alone at 7 a.m. Other boys are swimming too, and so are a half dozen distractingly attractive young women in bright-red or blue tanksuits, smooth and wet-shiny in the early-morning glitter. Between swims, the girls curl into a spaghetti of thick towels and shiver a bit because there is still a slight nip in the air. Once in a while they steal a glance at Bob, who swims up and down the lane next to the wall.

During the brief rest periods, Bob often seems too preoccupied to notice the girls. He has had a lot to think about since the "double workouts" resumed in February—in fact, since the day three years ago when he became the first 14-year-old backstroker ever to swim 100 yards in less than a minute. That performance signaled the achievement of the first of a series of annual goals Kristenson set soon after Bob decided, at the age of 13, to give up all other sports and train for swimming.

"He's reached every goal we've set so far," says Kristenson. "With top athletes, a goal is vital. Without one, you never realize your full potential because you're too influenced by what those around you do."

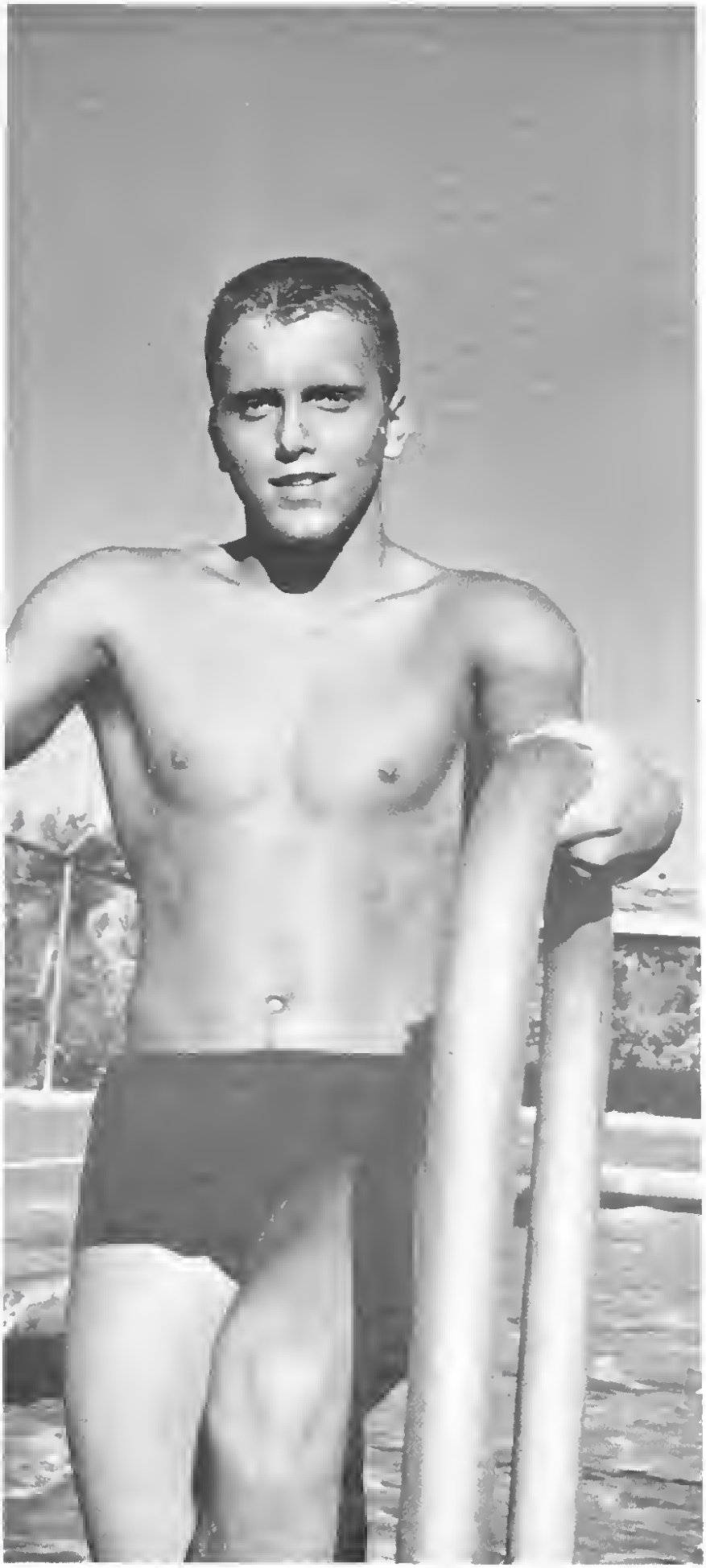
The 1958 goal was a good showing for the 15-year-old boy in his first major national meet. Bennett finished a strong third in the AAU outdoor 100-meter backstroke, which Olympian Frank McKinney won. In 1959 the aim was to continue to improve while coping with the problem of living on the road. Bennett qualified for the American team that toured Japan last summer. "I had my first chance to find out what it's like to eat, sleep and race in strange places," he says. "Japan was great."

Bob was a big hit with Japan's teen-agers. The girls spotted his picture, noted he was the baby of the team, and made him their "number one." A Bobby Bennett fan club was formed, and 40 girls were at the airport the last day to wave goodby to "Bob-eee."

But the trip was tiring, and when Bob flew directly back to East Lansing, Mich. for the Pan American tryouts he finished fourth and missed the team. This year he has been on a selective diet of meets.

"We're even skipping the nationals," says Kristenson. "We want to

BENNETT'S PHYSIQUE is the product of eight seasons of competitive swimming.



have to reach only one peak—for the Olympic trials." Bennett will miss some valuable competitive experience in bypassing the nationals, but rest and regular training tend to outweigh this, especially since Bob has ample competition right at home. He has beaten Chuck Bittick, captain-elect of the USC swimming team, twice this summer at the Olympic distance of 100 meters. (Kristenson does not make too much of this. He feels that Bittick, who won four national indoor backstroke titles last winter, probably was overtrained. Chuck had been spending six hours daily training for both water polo and swimming. He eased up on the water polo three weeks ago to prepare for the Los Angeles Invitational meet, and although he lost to Bennett in the 100, he came back to set a world record at 200 meters the next day.)

Speed and strength

Bittick and L. B. Schaefer, who with Frank McKinney edged Bennett off the Pan American team, both force a race by blasting into an early lead. Bennett tends to rely on his strength and power at the finish to make up distance and gain a last-second victory. But Bittick and Schaefer are big and strong enough to preserve a good lead in the face of Bennett's closing rush.

"I race mostly against the clock," admits Bennett, "but I think I know enough now not to let anyone get too far out. I hope to move up earlier from now on, but I still won't let anyone pull me out too fast and spoil my finish."

Frank McKinney has not lost a race in a 50-meter pool since his second-place finish in the 1956 Olympics. He is an able strategist, and although he underwent an appendectomy this spring he is still the man to beat. "We're not forgetting McKinney for a minute," says Kristenson.

As McKinney, Bittick, Schaefer and Bennett battle for the two Olympic team berths, the pressure builds up into an odd war of nerves. For example, Kristenson points out that the others have done their best times after shaving their bodies, whereas Bennett has a faster time in the 100 and still hasn't shaved. He won't until the finals of the trials. Psychologically, and hirsutely, no one will have anything on Bobby Bennett in that race. **END**



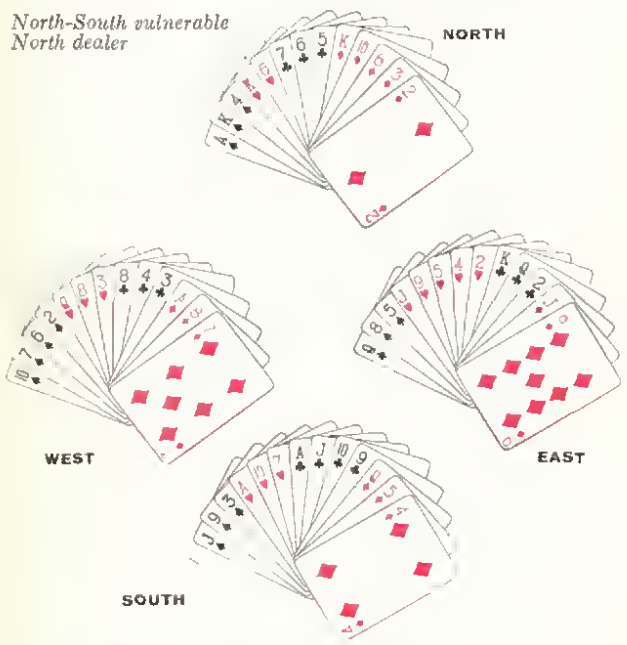
CHARLES GOREN / *Cards*

Teacher holds the high card

TEACHERS are frequently, and unfairly, the butt of bad jokes, but don't fool around about bridge teachers. They're a sharp and capable bunch. The Card School of New York City, for example, is staffed by a group of bridge players capable of holding their own in any competition the world over. Peter Leventritt, the president, has been a favorite partner of mine for years.

A seasoned instructor, he stresses the importance of preserving one's high cards for the purpose of capturing adversely held honor cards. In the hand shown here, Leventritt, defending with Harold Ogust, another teammate in international competition, bypassed the opportunity to capture a high card—and to good effect.

North-South vulnerable
North dealer



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♦	PASS	2♣	PASS
2♦	PASS	2 N.T.	PASS
3 N.T.	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead. spade 2

The bidding sequence is more or less forced. North opened with one diamond, and South had little choice but to respond with two clubs, though he was reluctant to go to the two-level with only a four-card suit. North rebid two diamonds. His suit was not, strictly speaking, rebiddable, but a rebid of two no trump is not to be considered with a holding of only 13 high-card points. South showed the nature of his hand by calling two no trump, and North carried on to game.

Leventritt, sitting West, opened the 2 of spades. Declarer played low from dummy. East won with the queen and returned another spade. Dummy won and led a low diamond. East played the 9, declarer the queen and, without the slightest hesitation, West let the queen hold the trick.

Put yourself in South's place. Apparently East was the opponent with the ace of diamonds. If so, the best chance to set up the suit with only one loser was to take a finesse against West for the diamond jack. When declarer led a low diamond to dummy's 10, Leventritt, of course, played low again, and East's jack won the trick. Back came a third spade, knocking out dummy's last stopper. Another round of diamonds lost to West's ace and by this time the long spade had been established. West proceeded to cash that card for the defenders' fourth trick.

East's first discard had been the deuce of hearts, so West shifted to the 8 of clubs, and East's queen forced the ace. A heart to dummy's king permitted North to cash the two established diamonds. It was clear to East that, if declarer held the ace and queen of hearts, the opponents had the rest of the tricks. So he discarded his hearts and held the king of clubs to win the setting trick.

Why did Leventritt duck the first diamond? If he took the queen with the ace, was it not likely that declarer would still take a losing finesse for the jack and lose two tricks in the diamond suit?

The answer was that West had to keep the ace of diamonds as a re-entry. If he won the first diamond, he would never get in to cash the fourth spade. By playing so that East took a diamond trick while he still held a third spade to return, Leventritt kept the timing advantage with the defenders instead of surrendering it to the declarer.

EXTRA TRICK

Usually, a defender cannot do better than capture one of declarer's high cards with his higher one. But winning a trick at the right time is sometimes more important than killing an opposing honor. The privilege of leading at the crucial moment may render it worthwhile that you run the risk of losing the trick altogether. **END**



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POLO / *Alfred Wright*

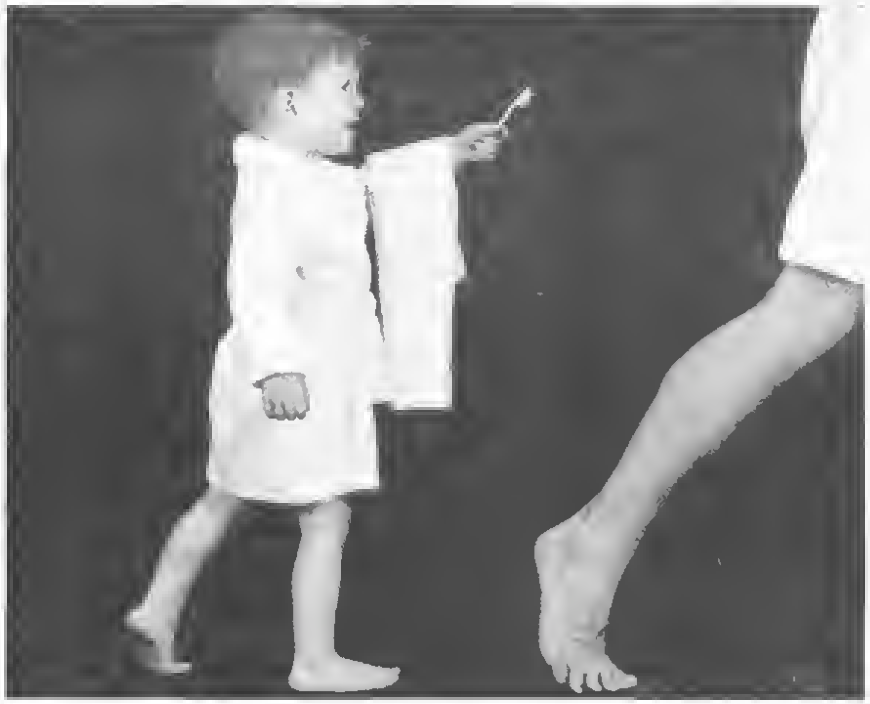
Relics of the past

The diehards of Blind Brook and the remaining resorts of polo begin another season

THESE THREE RIDERS pounding along the turf of the Blind Brook Polo Club in Purchase, N.Y. on a Sunday afternoon are pursuing a sport that only a few years ago was thought to be as obsolete as the Pierce-Arrow. But a handful of diehards from coast to coast refused to let this fast and violent game expire. From Blind Brook and Meadow Brook on the East Coast to Santa Barbara and Yakima in the West, a new kind of polo has taken root. It is no longer the breathtaking game that used to draw upwards of 40,000 fans to the matches on Long Island, for only a handful of truly superior players are still active. Yet in the 85 polo clubs across the country, approximately 750 players still whack away at the four-ounce willow ball. The grandstands may be empty most of the time, but the dedicated poloist is quite content to woo his sport in a vacuum of indifference.

In the '20s the rich men who dominated the game would think little of paying $10,000 for a pony, and they could scarcely compete with less than six or eight such animals. Today a man can play a whole season for the cost of that one pony. At Blind Brook, for instance, the 15 active players pay only $250 or so in dues. It costs another $95 a month (for the four-month season) to board a horse, and the average player can get by easily with three. If he needs an extra horse he can rent one for $5 a chukker. Polo is by no means a sport for the poor, but it is no longer the exclusive preserve of the rich. END

Photograph by Farrell Grehan



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ARCHERY / *Pete Waldmeir*

The instinctive dentist

A deadpan Texas upstart was the hero of the national field archery tournament

IN the continuing quest to catch the public fancy, the sport of archery has a special problem. More and more people—both sexes and all ages—are taking up the bow against game and targets, to be sure, but they are having a hard time living up to the embellished legends of English longbowmen and the red Indians of the Western world. The manufacturers have refined fiber-glass bows and made tougher, straighter arrows of aluminum, but no one has hit upon a formula for turning out a hero who will attract and wow spectators.

When the 15th annual National Field Archery Championships got under way a fortnight ago amidst the oaks, maples and birches that grow close as bowling pins on the Michigan National Guard grounds in Grayling National Forest, there were 1,170 contestants, all of them armed far better than the English longbowmen at Crécy and Agincourt and most of them skilled enough to outshoot any Indian. As this talented horde of archers moved against the 84 targets set at distances of 10 to 80 yards on the Grayling course, a hero did turn up, although nobody recognized him at first.

Dressed in golf shoes, bright slacks and a plaid snap-brim hat, Dr. Fred Simmons Jr., a 26-year-old dentist and university instructor from Houston, at the start seemed just another contender with an outside chance—a relative newcomer who took up bow hunting and field archery a scant five years ago while recuperating from a crackup in his outboard racer. In two previous tries, Dr. Simmons had placed 13th and 18th in the men's instinctive divisions. At the end of the first day of the three-day competition this year, the word buzzed around the archers' mosquito-plagued encampment: Simmons, the relative Johnny come lately, was in second place.

In national field archery tournaments there are two major titles at stake for both men and women: freestyle and instinctive. The freestyler uses a pin, or calibrated peep sight, adjustable to match various distances. The instinctive shooter uses no sight directly on the target but aims only with his arrow. It is the winner in this type of shooting who is recognized as the national champion. At the end of two rounds of the instinctive competition, Dentist Simmons had pulled within striking distance of 40-year-old Jim Palmer of Dansville, N.Y., a three-time national heavy tackle champion who was trying to make his mark now with a lighter bow.



SIMMONS AND WIFE WAIT BETWEEN SHOTS

In contrast to Palmer, who on the course exudes some of the joviality of old Friar Tuck, Simmons was a hero of a tight-lipped and determined sort. Before every shot he glared at the target, then stared stonily at the ground as he nocked his arrow (nocking it uncommonly above, instead of between, his three bow fingers). He took his success on target after target almost deadpan. If he missed, he would merely cluck, nudge his right hip with the heel of his hand as if to adjust an imaginary holster, then nock another arrow and line up his next shot.

Simmons' pregnant wife, Sharyn, carrying a folding golf seat, accompanied him around the brush-lined paths as silently and respectfully as a squaw trailing her untalkative buck. In the final round she saw Simmons whiz past Palmer to win the title by 59 points.

Field archery was devised as an offseason sport for bow hunters, but in the past three years four money tournaments have been held to promote it as a spectator sport in its own right. This year the prizes of the invitational tournament (starting the day after the nationals) totaled $10,000 donated by bow manufacturer Fred Bear and arrow manufacturer Doug Easton, in an attempt to raise the sport to the level of tournament golf. At first Simmons, the new national champion, declined the invitational, then he changed his mind and fought Palmer down to the last three targets before losing out for the $1,000 first place in the men's instinctive division.

With a national title and a $500 second prize in the cold-cash invitational to his credit, Simmons had proved to be a hero of a genuine sort, not a supernova suddenly flaring up and fizzling out.

"He's the Cary Middlecoff of archery," a bow hunting buff declared. "Maybe we don't have country clubs. But we got class." Champion Simmons draped an affectionate arm around wife Sharyn's shoulders and—at last—spoke. "I feel fine, Honey," he said. "I'm going to take that $500 and buy things for the baby. Then I'll get a new hunting bow made and kill something. I've killed all the targets I care to in the past few days." **END**



Tip from the Top

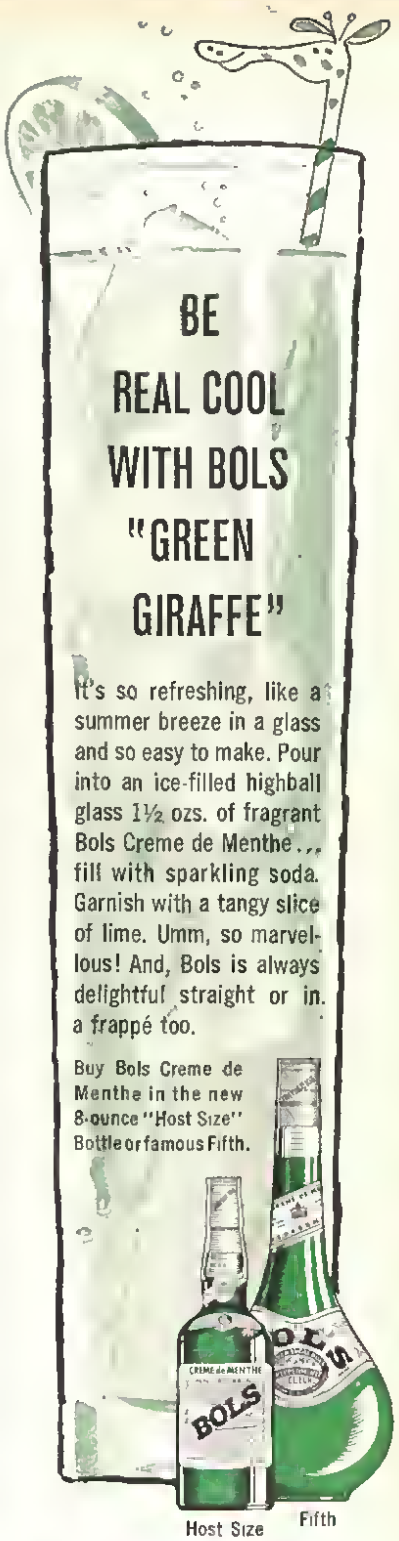
RUTH JESSEN, *Inglewood CC, Seattle*

The first foot of the backswing

THERE is a persistently bad habit in nearly everybody's swing pattern that has to be guarded against continually. With me and many other golfers the faulty movement comes near the beginning of the swing. I tend to let my wrists break in quickly to the right when the club has barely been started back. It is at this point that golfers, particularly if they have played other sports, believe that they should cock their wrists and hoist their shoulders. They are wrong. Breaking the wrists yanks the club off the line and lays it back on a plane that is much too flat. The move might be all right in baseball, but golf requires a different technique. The hands must be trained to learn to sense differently when and how to cock for power.

Most people who have the fault discover that it comes in the first foot or even six inches of the backswing. This is where they should start on the correction. The left arm is the heart of the matter. As the left arm is taken back, it must be kept straight and firm and close to the body. If the hands stay on this line, when they are about hip-high they will begin to cock, naturally and correctly. Should the hips turn too soon, the hands will be thrown out of line. Therefore, it is most important to restrain the hips until the proper time, but don't worry about the hips not turning. They will. The arms and shoulders moving back are sure to pull them around.







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BRITISH OPEN

continued from page 21

one could reasonably have hoped for, but with the last 36 holes to go, he was seven full shots off the pace, the same position he had occupied with 18 to go in the U.S. Open at Cherry Hills in June, before he cut loose with his fantastic burst of six birdies on the first seven holes.

The third act of the Open is the final 36. This year it took the form of two distinct scenes, for shortly after 2 o'clock on Friday, just after the leaders (out last) had finished their morning round, a startlingly heavy downpour suddenly broke. Within 20 minutes, two greens and sections of many fairways were underwater, and a small waterfall cascaded down the steps of the Royal and Ancient clubhouse onto the first tee. After suspending play for an hour, the championship committee decided to postpone the final round until Saturday, feeling that the inevitable grumbles over the delay would be minuscule compared to the torrent of criticism that would have been forthcoming had no halt been called.

The putts drop

Palmer was fretful about the postponement, and this was understandable. Around in 70 in the morning, he had succeeded in making up five shots on De Vicenzo (75) and one on Nagle (71), and until he wavered on the last two holes he had seemed well on his way toward overhauling the leaders. He had holed four fine putts of nine feet or over, and on the long 14th he had been the recipient of a saving piece of luck. There his drive, the wind nullifying most of its right-to-left draw, finished barely inside the long stone wall which marks the out-of-bounds line along the right. (Moments later De Vicenzo was to lose his lead to Nagle when his tee shot landed on top of this wall.)

However, on the 17th and 18th Palmer misjudged his approaches, being far short of the pin area with both. They proved to be costly errors. He three-putted the 17th (for the third consecutive day) and also three-putted the 18th from the notorious Valley of Sin, the deep hollow at the front left of the home green which punishes timorousness (and a short approach) by making three putts almost a certainty. With a round to go, then, Palmer stood at 211, four shots behind Nagle (who had finished with a three and a four for 207), two behind De Vicenzo. Thomson, at 216 after a 75, and Player, at 215 after a 72, were out of it.

Palmer started his final round as if he were still at Cherry Hills. He birdied the first by sticking his wedge two feet from the cup, birdied the second by sticking another wedge 15 inches away. He missed a 10-foot birdie putt on the third by the nearest fraction. After that, some of the fire seemed to go out of his game,

continued



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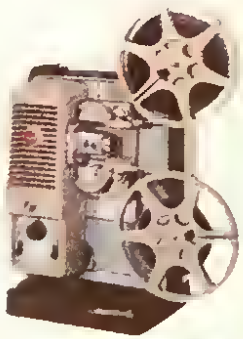
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DE VICENZD (LEFT) FELL TD THIRD DESPITE SUPERB 67S IN EACH DF FIRST TWO ROUNOS

BRITISH OPEN *continued*

especially after he took three from the edge on the long 5th. He finished the first 9 in 34, but so did Nagle, who, playing just behind him, holed for birdies on the 7th and 8th during the height of another sudden Scottish rainstorm. So, in effect, what Palmer had gained by his quick start Nagle had won back.

Down the stretch the two-man duel—De Vicenzo was now out of it—tightened again when Palmer holed a seven-footer for a birdie on the 13th. Now he was only three shots behind. He gained another when Nagle three-putted the 15th. He kept his chances alive on the treacherous 17th, after overshooting the green, with a wonderful recovery over the sharp bank of clumpy rough, running the ball up with his putter so that it just bobbled onto the slippery green and rolled dead two feet from the cup. Now he finally had a lift after surviving for two hours on fight, fight, fight, and he roared on to birdie the final hole after a fine wedge that stopped four feet from the cup.

To win now, Nagle needed a four on each of the last two holes, the 453-yard 17th and the 383-yard 18th. Only seconds, literally, after a roar of applause had greeted Palmer's finishing birdie the quiet Australian was face to face with the pivotal shot of the championship, the six-footer he had to get for his four on the 17th. He got it. Then on the 18th he pitched a lovely second shot a yard from the hole, and there was no doubt that he would get his four. Nagle actually took two to get down from three feet away, but that was irrelevant. He was home. Palmer had made a monumental fight, but he had failed by one shot.

The new British Open champion is 39, but this is his first important international triumph, except for the Canada Cup, in which he has twice partnered his old and more illustrious friend, Peter Thomson, to victory. In a brief fling on our American circuit this spring, Nagle was second in the Colonial Invitational, and there a fortuitous thing happened. He found an American-made driver that changed him from an erratic golfer off the tee into a consistent one. He certainly used it well at St. Andrews where his whole game stood up sturdily under the pressure of Palmer's last charge.

And what about the runner-up, Palmer, who wanted so much to win? He received multiple congratulations on his remarkable performance with a shake of the head and the admission that "it wasn't good enough. It wasn't good enough." In truth, he had done wonders. He had stayed with the Old Course so well that his 279 (70-71-70-68) had tied the old record for four rounds of championship play at St. Andrews. It had taken Nagle's inspired new mark to beat him. Palmer will be back again, and he will win the British Open another year, but his first visit will be remembered always with special affection by British golf fans. **END**



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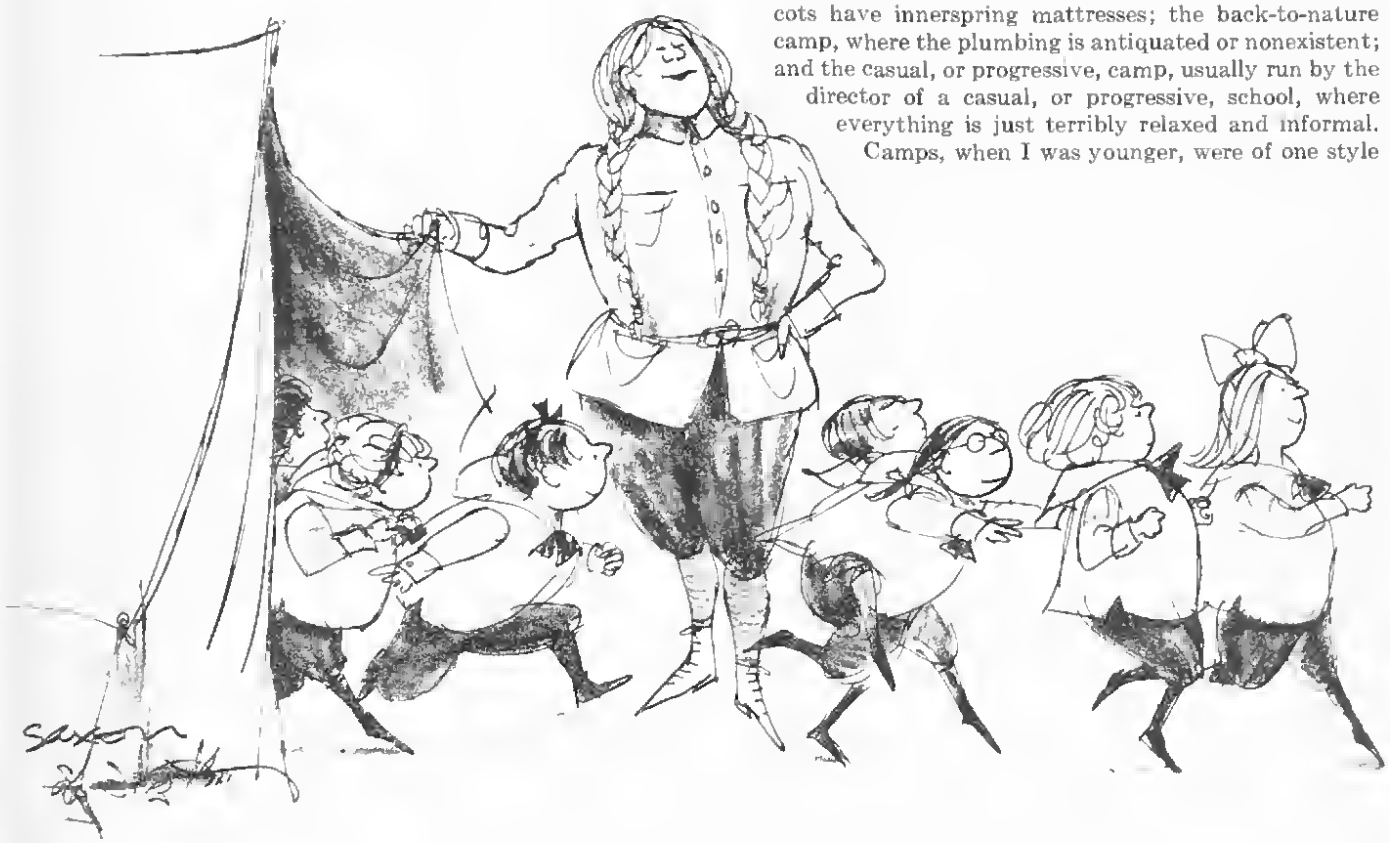
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Bloomerland Revisited

by JEAN PARADISE

Drawings by Charles Saxon

Every year about this time the same thing happens to me: I start thinking, with wonder, nostalgia and some regret, about the changes time has wrought in that great old institution, the children's camp. Present-day camps may be divided roughly into three types—the country-club camp, where the cots have innerspring mattresses; the back-to-nature camp, where the plumbing is antiquated or nonexistent; and the casual, or progressive, camp, usually run by the director of a casual, or progressive, school, where everything is just terribly relaxed and informal. Camps, when I was younger, were of one style



only—the rigorous and Spartan type (if it was comfort you wanted for your children you kept them home). This was true even, or maybe especially, of girls' camps.

Camp Valkyrie in the central Adirondacks, where I spent some strenuous summers from my 8th to 15th years (clad in green serge bloomers, white middy and green rayon tie), was presided over by a large, stern German lady with golden braids and a premature dedication to the Führer principle.

Campers at Valkyrie arose daily at 7 o'clock, pulled on their clammy bathing suits and went for a compulsory morning dip in the frigid waters of Big Pine Lake. True, after the numbness had worn off, we felt exhilarated, but perhaps it was merely a physical reaction to almost unbearable shock. Upon emerging from the lake, we wrapped ourselves in flannel bathrobes and, squirming mightily, shed our bathing suits under the robes (it made no difference that the nearest male—boy or man—was three miles distant over an impassable mountain road). Scurrying back to our bunks under the trees through which the sun had not yet penetrated, we struggled into the bloomers for our daily round of body-building sport. This consisted of baseball, tennis, volleyball, basketball, field hockey, running and jumping—all performed in a grim, muscular way, with the maximum expenditure of energy and sweat.

What was not body-building at Camp Valkyrie was mind- or character-building. There were, for example, severe intellectual bouts with nature; in fact, at almost any time of the morning an earnest knot of campers, notebooks in hand, could be found gathered around the fräulein, who would be imparting items from her vast knowledge of trees, flowers and shrubs.

"Dot is the northern red oak, *Quercus borealis*," she would state, pointing a firm, unwavering finger at the nearest tree. "And *dot* is the *Acer saccharinum*, from which obtains maple sugar."

Occasionally the fräulein would snatch up some object from underfoot—either a meek snake, which would flail around in her hands looking terrified ("Chust see here, young ladies, a beautiful creature"), or else a few pasty-white mushrooms that she would identify, with assurance, as nonpoisonous.

As part of our communication with nature, we also danced—mostly in the style of Isadora Duncan, whose art Fraulein Bismarck greatly admired. Hardly a day passed without our donning some kind of tacky dryad or wood nymph costumes and flitting across the softball field to the accompaniment of barely audible flute music. Our major concern was to avoid stubbing our toes or cutting the soles of our feet on the prickly grass of the outfield. We didn't even have a legitimate dancing counselor; the rites were usually presided over by a sullen swimming instructor with a whistle around her neck and a damp gray sweatshirt pulled down over her bathing suit.

In our more sedentary hours we wove raffia baskets, hammered out copper ornaments and fashioned leather

continued



A fraulein with golden braids presided sternly over the bloomer-clad nymphs and dryads of Camp Valkyrie

pouches. We also took ice-cold showers and had our hair shampooed by the nurse with some kind of piney disinfectant.

As intrepid Valkyrie maidens, we were not supposed to be afraid of anything (except Fräulein Bismarck). Woe to the camper who fled screeching from a small, harmless wild animal (anything smaller than an ocelot was considered harmless). And woe to the noncompetitive ones who failed to get into the spirit of Brown-and-Green Week, when the camp was divided into two teams that competed against each other in every form of outdoor activity short of manslaughter.

Not even the Grays of the Civil War hated the Blues more fiercely than the Browns hated the Greens of Camp Valkyrie. In fact, during my last years at camp Fräulein Bismarck tried rather frantically to moderate the color war, and she and her counselors would bellow at us: "It's not whether you win or lose that counts; it's how you play the game!"

We didn't believe this for a minute. War was war—implacable, hysterical, and total. We threw fits, we vomited and we cried. We lied and cheated and hurled tennis rackets across the net at our victorious opponents. We pulled chairs out from under the opposing team's best softball players. We walked in our sleep. We fainted. At the end of Brown-and-Green Week the summer was over—and not a day too soon. Exhausted emotionally and physically, we were returned to our parents to recuperate for 10 months before the reopening of Camp Valkyrie the next July.

Color wars do not exist in most of today's camps; cooperation rather than competition has become the magic word. Camp Joy, for instance, which has ensnared my daughter for several summers, belongs to the "relaxed" category. Nobody at Joy ever heard of the Morning Dip. Instead of being startled into wakefulness, military style, by a bugle playing reveille (off key), Joyniks rise to the swelling notes of the Ode to Joy from Beethoven's Ninth. In fact, some don't even rise then but snuggle back under the blankets for a few last winks. Dressing is no problem, since (doing what comes naturally) they had not bothered to remove their clothes before jumping into bed the night before. There is on record a Joy camper who managed to get through the entire summer without changing his socks.

Campers at Joy set great store by Democracy; all their activities must be democratically decided upon by the Whole Group. So while weeds grow in the tennis courts, Joyniks spend their days dangling their legs in the brook and holding meetings to criticize their counselors and the camp management. Often, a good many weeks are taken up deciding what it is they want to do or, more important, who will do what. It is up to the Group to decide, democratically, which fortunate few will take the truck ride to Mosquito Falls. ("Does Agatha deserve it?" they ask each other earnestly. "Is she mature enough?")

Once democratically settled upon, the projects—which range from splitting rails to clearing fields—are undertaken with enormous zeal. "We're setting up this camping area in the woods," my daughter wrote enthusiastically. "We've made benches and put up a tremendous tent, and what do you think we're doing now? Building an outhouse! Man, is that outhouse great! Yesterday was supposed to be hike day but it was raining so we worked on the outhouse all day. The hole is nearly six feet, and you have to jump down and dig for hours. When the rain got very bad we went into the tent. We built a tremendous fire, and the smoke was so thick that we had to lie on the ground and nearly choked to death. It was simply fabulous. We all got soaked."

There is a great deal of guitar and banjo playing at Camp Joy, as well as folk dancing and folksy singing; in

Gargantuan cleanups go on all the time, and the true Back-to-Nature camper can often experience a feeling of nostalgia just at the sight of a mop





The hole is nearly six feet, and you have to jump down and dig for hours

a wild burst of Camp Joy feeling, campers have been known to dance the bora while chanting *Come, All Ye Faithful.* Another aspect of the Camp Joy program is something called "Becoming Acquainted with the Community." This means that little groups make sorties on neighboring areas, equipped with their guitars and sketch pads and wearing leotards in case they get the urge to dance on a nearby village green. The neigbbors are used to them by now and don't become frightened, although originally they must have found the descent of the campers a rather unnerving experience.

When "establishing communication with a village," the campers first ask, "Are there any oldtimers around?" Of course there is always a talkative oldster with time on his hands; and the group gathers around and listens to him reminisce about things he imagines happened in his boyhood. It is probably the first time anyone *has* listened to this old gentleman in 20 years, and he talks on and on while the art-oriented campers sketch him and the music-oriented ones softly play their guitars and banjos. Some of the oldtimers are so happy to have an audience that they follow the group right back to camp and talk on for the rest of the summer. This is accepted in the relaxed, casual way that characterizes all activities at Camp Joy.

Gone is the strictly monastic life of Camp Valkyrie (where the brother camp was located in another state); gone the serge bloomers and middies. Camp Joy is altogether coed—in all activities from ditch-digging to three-day trips. Parents are instructed to be relaxed about this.

One summer, following a visit to my daughter at Camp Joy, I was seized by the desire to stop off at Valkyrie, partly for reasons of sentiment, partly to see if it really existed as I remembered it.

At first sight it seemed as though nothing had been changed. The camp looked just as rugged as before, with the bunks tucked away among the trees and the pine-covered mountains rising from the shores of the lake. When I asked for Fraulein Bismarck I was surprised to learn that she was no longer there—in fact, she was, alas, no longer of this world.

Then I saw there were, indeed, changes. In the clear, cold waters where we had practiced our rudimentary sidestroke, breaststroke and crawl, girls were whizzing along on water skis and descending to the depths in Aqua-lungs. Valkyrie had undergone a metamorphosis. It had become a country-club camp.

At the new-style Valkyrie, wardrobes include monogrammed blazers, cashmere sweaters, bathing suits that mustn't get wet and 72-yard crinolines which are shipped in their own duffel bags. The arts-and-crafts shop, where in our innocence we wove our interminable raffia baskets, now has two kilns and a pottery wheel and is capable of turning out hors d'oeuvres dishes of Wedgwood or Staffordshire quality. The art counselor belongs to the fashionable abstract-expressionist school. The social hall has a stage with professional lights, and the girls put on performances of musical shows that have just opened on Broadway (a feeble *Alice in Wonderland* was about the best *we* could ever muster up). There are *two* dancing counselors—one with a brown ponytail, from Bennington (modern dance), and the other with a blonde ponytail, from Sarah Lawrence (ballet). On the day I watched, their pupils were performing expert leaps and *entrechats* without the hint of a dryad or wood nymph motif.

Fire-building—a necessity at any place even remotely called a camp—is looked upon with positive terror at Valkyrie now. Marshmallow roasts do take place, but the campfires are built by the staff handyman, and the marshmallows are toasted by counsellors who *hand* them to the children.

There is still one day a week devoted to hiking, a necessary evil indulged in only to give the kitchen staff a day off and allow the bunks to receive a professional cleaning and disinfecting. However, since campers must

continued

The hike is a stroll to a berry patch where campers may sit or lie down



not become overtired, the hikes consist of strolls to a nearby cultivated berry patch, where the campers may sit in the shade and eat the peanut butter sandwiches previously prepared for them in the kitchen.

I asked the director about my old favorite, Brown-and-Green Week. "Heavens, we wouldn't dream of having a color war," she said, shuddering. "That went out of style, anyway. What we do have are some lovely Olympic games. France won this summer, so to celebrate we gave the girls a complete French dinner, with menus printed in French and even punch that looked like wine —nonalcoholic, of course. They adored it."

"But you still have nature walks, don't you?" I asked wistfully.

"You mean, looking at trees and birds, that sort of thing?" she frowned. "Oh, dear, no. Campers haven't the time to wander in the woods. We show nature films, though, in color. We have a beautiful new projector, and our screen is almost Cinemascope—watch out!"

She pulled me away as a small brown lizard scuttled across the path. "I can't get used to all these animals," she said nervously.

As the director released my arm, a yellow bus filled with shrieking girls lurched past us.

"Oh, are they starting on a trip?" I said.

"We-ell, no." She gave an embarrassed laugh. "We—uh—drive them from the bunks to the dining room at dinner time. It's such a *steep* hill, and when the ground is wet they get their shoes muddy. It's—uh—an innovation this year. Saves wear and tear all around," she finished feebly.

I sighed and looked sadly at the trees. No, camps weren't what they used to be.

But the summer after that my daughter decided to Enlarge her Experience and explore camp life outside of Camp Joy. The place we (democratically) selected for her experiment turned out, unexpectedly, to be a genuine back-to-nature camp, without frills, pampering or showers.

On reading her first letter, I realized that the spirit of old Camp Valkyrie had not entirely died out—although it had received somewhat of a new look.

"Our tent is leaky. It rained in last night," she wrote. (She had apparently already lost her stationery and was using some kind of soggy lined paper torn from a book.) "There are mosquitoes, gnats and spiders all over the place. We had a fire-building contest. You're not supposed to use kerosene to get the fire started, but I did and won. Please send up lots of Band-Aids and something to get rid of skunk smell."

The plumbing at Back-to-Nature is spectacularly primitive, but this is considered an asset rather than a deficiency. Did Kit Carson take hot baths? Did Natty Bumppo have flush toilets?

Major activities at Back-to-Nature are short hikes, long hikes and overnight bikes; also campfires and cookery. "Just came back from a 12-mile hike up Rattlesnake Mountain," my daughter wrote in midsummer. "Tonight somebody is giving a lecture on Familiar Rodents of the Region. We had another contest—to see who could put up a pup tent the fastest. Linda Susan Hofstader, that jerk, knocked mine down." There are also gargantuan cleanups going on all the time, and the true Back-to-Nature camper can, in later life, often experience a feeling of nostalgia just at the sight of a broom or mop.

In spite of all this, however, Back-to-Nature is not Valkyrie (old style). True, there is the accent on strenuous *living; true, there is a certain superficial resemblance.* But there is also an important difference, and I'm afraid that Fräulein Bismarck would have recoiled from Back-to-Nature almost as much as from the resort hotel for moppets which *her* camp has become. For at Valkyrie the emphasis—first, last and always—was on the game, while at Back-to-Nature there *are* no games, legitimately speaking. Did Dan'l Boone or Jim Bridger play volleyball?

I console myself with the thought that wherever in Valhalla the fraulein may be, the game is being played under her watchful blue eyes, interspersed with plenty of cold showers and morning dips, while mind and character are being uplifted and amateur dryads dance barefooted over the sharp grass. **END**



There are two dancing counselors—one with a brown ponytail, from Bennington, and the other with a blonde ponytail, from Sarah Lawrence

Advertisement

A NEW PILL THAT HELPS YOU QUIT SMOKING

Science at last tells you what to do if you want to stop smoking



MICKEY MANTLE, famous American League baseball player, says: "I am confident this amazing pill can help anyone to stop or cut down smoking!"

The inability to give up smoking is one of the more curious idiosyncrasies of 20th century man. Ever since Sir Francis Drake in 1586 brought tobacco back to England from Virginia and the habit of smoking was re-imported to America by the Pilgrim fathers, the "noxious weed," as an eminent Victorian referred to it, has had half the world in its grip.

There are signs that this grip is at last being loosened. It is being loosened by a harmless little white pill. The story of how this little white pill was discovered is similar to that of many other earth-shaking discoveries. In the process of trying to go somewhere else, the scientific brain unearthed something it wasn't in the first place even looking for.

In 1947 a research team in a large Chicago university set out to study gingivitis, a rather unpleasant inflammation of the gums that bedevils mankind. It had long been theorized that smoking contributed to this inflammation. But would stopping smoking help? In true scientific fashion our researchers decided that half of their patients should stop smoking to see if they showed any improvement over the other half.



FRANK LEAHY, famous football coach, in his Notre Dame days. Now you can stop smoking if you want to, says he.

Half were told to stop smoking by the doctor who headed the research team, but it was easier said than done. So our scientists are off on a new tangent. What could they give a patient that would help him to stop smoking quickly and easily? Up to that time medical experience showed that there was no easy, pleasant way to stop smoking. Years before, some experimental work had been reported with a drug called Lobeline Sulphate. This curbed the desire to smoke; but in doses large enough to be effective, it produced various unpleasant side effects. Here at least was a starting point.

Soon the tail was wagging the dog and the project of finding a way to help people conquer the tobacco habit had become the all-important problem. After months of research and experimentation, our scientists hit upon the solution. The addition of two common antacid ingredients to Lobeline Sulphate accomplished two things. First, any unpleasant side effects were eliminated; secondly, the amount of Lobeline Sulphate necessary to do an effective job was greatly reduced. The result was a harmless little white pill which, when given to test patients, helped them to stop smoking in 5 days!

What made it work? Lobeline Sulphate is extracted from the Lobelia plant which is sometimes called "Indian Tobacco." It is a first cousin to nicotine, mimicking its action but is not habit forming. It works by removing the craving for nicotine in the system and not by making smoking unpleasant or intolerable.

The footnote to this story is an interesting one. It turned out that smoking did irritate the gum tissues. Those gingivitis patients who, with the help of the little pill, stopped smoking, showed a marked improvement over the smoking half.

And of course there was a sequel. The university where all this occurred realized that in their little pill they had something that thousands longed for. Here was something that would really help anybody who wanted to free him or herself from the smoking habit. But like any group of scientists they were cautious. More research was carried on, more tests were made on hundreds and hundreds of patients. It was proved that 83%, more than 4 out of 5, of all people who wanted to stop smoking, could do so easily and pleasantly in five to seven days with the help of the little pills. Significantly, it was found that those who didn't stop completely had cut down their smoking drastically.

This new discovery was soon reported in medical journals; demand for it came overnight from every corner of the globe. The Campana Company was chosen to market these amazing pills. Today you can buy them at any drug store, under the name of *Bantron* for only $1.25 a box. Bantron has been proven so safe, when taken as directed, it can actually be bought without a doctor's prescription.

By now many thousands of people have stopped smoking with the help of Bantron. However, human nature is weak. Many who stopped after taking Bantron found that under the stress and strain of modern life they broke down and started smoking again. Often they tried Bantron again with equally effective results. Today there are men and women everywhere who reach for a Bantron whenever they feel the urge to smoke a cigarette.

Of course, Bantron can't do *all* the work for you alone. It will not tie your hands behind your back. But if you really want to stop, it can be a powerful helper. This is the testimony of policemen, airline pilots, truck drivers, business men, ordinary citizens everywhere.

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COMMENDED PARENTS MAGAZINE

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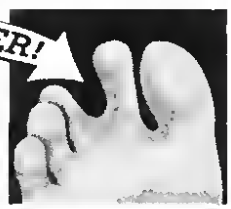


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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—NATIONAL LEAGUE overpowered the American League 5-3 in the 28th All-Star Game played in 100° heat at Municipal Stadium in Kansas City. In the first two innings, after a triple by the Giants' Willie Mays on the second pitch, the Nationals scored four runs, two of them homers by Chicago Cubs' Ernie Banks and Milwaukee Braves' Del Crandall. Bill Mazeroski of the Pirates singled in the third inning to score the Nationals' fifth run. The Americans made their first run in the sixth when White Sox' Nellie Fox hit a single to score Detroit's Al Kaline. In the eighth Kaline hit the Americans' only home run, scored Harvey Kuenn of Cleveland for two runs. Winning pitcher, Pittsburgh's Bob Friend.

BOATING—ROMAHAJO III, skippered by Harvey Nedeau of Muskegon, Mich., 87-mile Queen's Cup (Milwaukee to Macatawa Bay), with corrected time of 10:43:20.

BOXING—LUIS RODRIGUEZ, unbeaten welterweight, extended victory string to 29 with 10-round decision over onetime welterweight champion Virgil Akins, Louisville.

FENCING—NEW YORK AC, team foil title; ALBERT AXELROD, individual foil title, U.S. NAVY, team épée title; DAVID MICAHNIK, Wilkes Barre, Pa., individual épée title, PANNONIA AC, San Francisco, team sabre title; JENO HAMORI, Philadelphia, individual sabre title; MRS. JANICE-LEE ROMARY, Los Angeles, women's title, NEW YORK AC, three-weapon title; national fencing championships, New York.

THE 1960 U.S. OLYMPIC FENCING TEAM, chosen after national championships in New York: MEN'S FOIL: Albert Axelrod, Dr. Daniel A. Bukantz, Gene Glazer, Harold Goldsmith, Allan Kwartler, Ensign Joseph Paletta, MEN'S EPEE: Michael Dasaro, Henry Kolowrat, Lieut. (jg) James Margolis, David Micahnik, Ralph Spinella, Ensign Roland Wommack, MEN'S SABRE: Michael Dasaro, Richard Dyer, Allan Kwartler, Ensign Alfonso Muraies, Dr. Tibor Nyilas, George Worth, WOMEN'S TEAM: Judy Goodrich, Harriet King, Mrs. Maxine Mitchell, Mrs. Janice-Lee Romary, Evelyn Terhune.

GOLF—KEL NAGLE, former Australian woodcutter, undercut Arnold Palmer's bid for a grand slam by one stroke in the British Open, with 278 for 72 holes, at St. Andrews, Scotland (*see page 18*).

ART WALL JR., Pocono Manor, Pa., using a rusty wooden-shafted putter, left the field far behind in the Canadian Open, won with 269 for 72 holes, at Toronto. Runner-up: Jay Hebert, Lafayette, La., with 275.

MIKE SOUCHAK, Grossinger, N.Y., $52,000 Buick Open, with 282 for 72 holes, at Flint, Mich. Runners-up: Art Wall Jr., and Gay Brewer Jr. of Crystal River, Fla., with 283.

MICKEY WRIGHT, San Diego, Ladies Professional Golf Association title, with 292 for 72 holes, at French Lick, Ind.

HARNESS RACING—ADIOS BUTLER: $25,000 All-America Pace, 1 m., by handy 1¼ lengths over Tar Boy, 2½ lengths over Champ Volo, in 1:59¼, Yonkers. Eddie Cobb, driver.

HORSE RACING—TEMPESTUOUS waited until final turn to make his bid, overhauled New Policy (fourth), Blank Check (third) and T.V. Lark (second) in a closing rush to take $114,800 Hollywood Derby by nearly 2 lengths, covered 1¼ mile in 2:01⅘, at Hollywood Park. Pete Moreno up.

SWORD DANCER: $108,100 Suburban H., 1¼ m., by ½ length over First Landing, in 2:01⅗, for track record, Aqueduct. Eddie Arcaro up. Favorite Bald Eagle was fourth.

LITTLE FITZ: $60,700 Michigan Mile, 1⅛ m., by a nose over Hymient, in 1.42⅕, Detroit Race Course. Bill Peake up.

DUNCE: $55,250 Stars and Stripes H., 1⅜ m. over grass, by a neck over Martini II, in 1:57⅗, Arlington Park. Braulio Baeza up.

PRIZE HOST: $54,200 American H., 1 m. 1 f., Hollywood Park. Willie Harmatz up. [illegible] in 1:47⅖.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS—JACK SMITH, in bumper-to-bumper duel with Cotton Owens, fellow townsman from Spartanburg, S.C., won Firecracker 250-mile race at Daytona International Speedway in record speed of 146.832 mph, drove 1960 Pontiac.

BOB UNSER, Albuquerque, in annual race up cloud-shrouded Pikes Peak, covered 12½-mile course in 13:28.5 to set record. Unser's brother Al was runner-up, brother Lou won stock-car division in 15:36.6, also a record, at Colorado Springs, Colo.

ROWING—THE 1960 U.S. OLYMPIC ROWING TEAM which qualified in the trials at Syracuse: EIGHT-OARED SHELLS, Navy varsity (Mark Moore, Warren Sweetser III, Gayle Thompson, Joseph Baldwin, Peter Boa, Howard Winfree, Robert Wilson, Lyman Perry, William Long, coxswain), FOURS WITH COXSWAIN, Lake Washington Rowing Club A, Seattle (A. E. Stocker Jr., Charles Alm, Mike Yonker, Roy Rubin, Kurt Seiffert, coxswain), FOURS WITHOUT COXSWAIN, Lake Washington Rowing Club (Don Ayrault Jr., Ted Nash, Dick Wailes, John Sayre); PAIRS WITH COXSWAIN, Lake Washington Rowing Club (Con Findlay, Dick Draeger, Henry Mitchell II, coxswain); PAIRS WITHOUT COXSWAIN, Lake Washington Rowing Club A (Bob Rogers, Ted Frost); DOUBLES SCULLS, Vesper Boat Club, Philadelphia (Jack Kelly Jr., Bill Knecht), SINGLE SCULLS, Harry Parker, Vesper Boat Club.

SHOOTING—PAUL JENKINS, gunslinger from Phoenix, Ariz., outdrew 82 other top guns to prove himself fastest draw in the West in Western States walk-and-draw shoot-out at Old Tucson, Ariz. MARY SCOTT, 21-year-old housewife from Coolidge, Ariz., won women's title.

SOCCER—RUSSIA, 2-1, over Yugoslavia in overtime for European National Soccer Cup title, at Paris.

SWIMMING—MIKE TROY, Indiana University, 200-meter butterfly in 2:15, for world record; TOM STOCK, Indiana University freshman this fall, 200-meter backstroke, in 2:16.9, for world record, at Evansville, Ind.

RIA VAN VELSEN, Holland, 100-meter backstroke in 1:10.9, for world record, Maastricht, Netherlands.

TENNIS—PAUL PALMER, Phoenix, first defeated Chuck Rombeau, Studio City, Calif., 3–6, 7–5, 2–6, 6–0, 6–3 for National Junior Hard Court title in 18-year-old division, then teamed with Henry Kamakana, Honolulu, to take doubles, Burlingame, Calif.

DENNIS RALSTON, Bakersfield, Calif., over Martin Mulligan, Australia, 6–3, 6–4, 7–5, for men's singles; MRS. DOROTHY HEAD KNODE, Forest Hills, N.Y., over Ruta Morison, New Zealand, 6–4, 6–2, for women's singles in Irish championships, Dublin.

TRACK & FIELD—RAFER JOHNSON broke world decathlon record and won a place on U.S. Olympic team, with a score of 8,683 points in AAU championship at Eugene, Ore. (*see page 12*) Defending Champion C. K. Yang, who will compete for Formosa, in the Olympic Games, posted 8,426 points, also surpassed world record.

WILMA RUDOLPH, Tennessee State University, ran 200 meters in 22.9 to better women's world record, in AAU National championships at Corpus Christi, Texas. PAT DANIELS, San Mateo, Calif., broke 800-meter American record with time of 2:17.5, IRENE ROBERTSON, Spartan Women's AC of Los Angeles, broke 400-meter American record with time of 57.1; TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY, team title, with 93 points.

WATER POLO—LYNWOOD SC, Lynwood Calif., used speed and power style of California play to eliminate eastern teams that use a traditional, more deliberate style, won Olympic trials by defeating Los Angeles Swim Stadium 6–5, automatically placed seven players on Olympic team. They are: Wally Wolf, Ron Severa, Ron Crawford, Jim Kelsey, Marvin Burns, Gordon Hall, Fred Tisue. Named as alternates are three members of Los Angeles team, Charles Bittick, Ron Volmer, Bob Horn. Fourth alternate is Charles McIlroy of El Segundo (Calif.) SC.

MILEPOST—DIED: JOSEPH O'CONNELL, 68, financier and owner of two of the last three winners of the Belmont Stakes, in Boston. O'Connell, owner of Green Dunes Stable (colors green and gold), won the 1958 Belmont Stakes with Cavan and again last month with Celtic Ash. O'Connell also had a long-time interest in show horses, took the National Conformation championship in 1951 with My Bill.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

6—James S. Bradley. 7—Dave Morris, Albuquerque Journal, UPI, Markow, Dave Edwardes, Fed News [illegible]. 24, 25—Dan Hightower, St. Petersburg Times from Gilloon. 28, 29—Pan-Smatch. 32, 38—John G. Zimmerman. 46–49—Huston Horn. 52, 53—Art Rickerby Pix. 55—Artie Schardt. 60—Bill Stump Bowhunting Magazine. 61—Stephen Blake. 62—UPI. 65—Jerry Cooke. 73—right, Lou Witt. 74—John G. Zimmerman. 76—Ken Heyman from Raphe Guillumette.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by ROGER WILLIAMS



BIG BATS were swung by Reds' Wally Post, Red Sox' Gary Geiger. Post hit three home runs, Geiger went 11 for 29.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The **Pittsburgh Pirates** faced the challenge—the long-awaited decline of Vern Law and Bob Friend—and came through like champs. Plugging the gap were little-known Tom Cheney (five hits, one run in seven innings), well-known Harvey Haddix and Wilmer Mizell. Bob Skinner, master of the clutch hit, won two games with his bat, saved another with his arm. Ragged relief work cost the **Milwaukee Braves** three games. Among the losers was Don McMahon, the team's star reliever for several seasons. A year ago McMahon had an ERA of 1.70; last week it was 6.57 and his won-lost record was 2-6. Manager Dressen grounded Don for an indefinite spell, told his starters to get ready for bullpen duty. The **St. Louis Cardinals** made it nine out of 12 and edged into third place. Rising (.300) Stan Musial delivered tide-turning hits against the Giants and lagging (.260) Ken Boyer homered in the ninth to beat the Dodgers. But the solid suit was pitching: strong wins by Ray Sadecki, Ernie Broglio and Larry Jackson, plus two crackling relief victories by Lindy McDaniel. People stopped panning the **Los Angeles Dodgers** and started talking pennant. There were good reasons: Johnny Podres and Stan Williams gave the Giants no runs, seven hits in two games, and Don Drysdale won his second complete game after six straight defeats. The **San Francisco Giants** (*see page 12*) were pitiful. They fumbled in the field, crumbled at the plate and collapsed into the second division. Said an appalled Los Angeles observer: "The Giants look like the sons in a father-son softball game." Squandering their best pitching in ages, the **Cincinnati Reds** lost five in a row, became a real threat for seventh place. Lone consistent hitter is veteran Wally Post, who has rapped nine homers, batted .325 since rejoining the Reds in mid-June. The mistake-prone **Chicago Cubs** went seven games without an error, but Manager Boudreau was unimpressed. He ordered workouts during the All-Star break to continue drills he felt had been neglected in spring training. The **Philadelphia Phillies** played exciting baseball, with the pitchers providing most of the heroics. Gene Conley, who won three games, beat the Braves with a 10th-inning home run, and Dick Farrell topped the Pirates with a 10th-inning single.

Standings: Pitt 49-30, Mil 43-34, LA 41-38, StL 41-39, SF 40-38, Cin 36-42, Phil 34-47, Chi 30-46

RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted In*	Total Runs Produced
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Maris, NY (.325)	53	42	95
Mantle, NY (.275)	70	25	95
Minoso, Chi (.312)	46	42	88
Gentile, Balt (.330)	34	47	81
Allison, Wash (.281)	49	32	81
Hansen, Balt (.258)	39	42	81
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Mays, SF (.357)	67	46	113
Banks, Chi (.290)	55	49	104
Skinner, Pitt (.301)	58	43	101
Aaron, Mil (.289)	55	44	99
Clemente, Pitt (.319)	49	47	96

**Derived by subtracting HRs from RBIs*

AMERICAN LEAGUE

The **New York Yankees** wove a curious pattern. They beat the contending Orioles, then blew five out of five to the far-out Senators and Red Sox. Phenom Jim Coates' 4.13 ERA finally caught up with him, and he lost his first game after winning nine straight. The **Cleveland Indians** and **Chicago White Sox** met home-and-home, and the White Sox won again: they took five of the six games to move within a shade of second place. Sox' success was due in large measure to the new faces of '60—Roy Sievers, Gene Freese, Minnie Minoso—plus solid hitting (.321) by oft-booed Al Smith. Indians' chief problem was facing the pressure of Chicago's early-inning assaults (in 12 games the White Sox have scored nine times in the first or second inning), which tense up the players, foul up the strategy. "We play the best when we're relaxed and laughing," said Cleveland's Johnny Temple. "But when we play the Sox we just don't have any fun." It was bye bye Birdie for the **Baltimore Orioles**. The starters couldn't finish, the infielders kicked the ball around and the team fell to fourth. Manager Richards surveyed the shambles, moaned: "This could get worse, much worse, before it gets better." The **Detroit Tigers** continued to stub their toes on Kansas City (nine losses in 13 games), and Manager Dykes grew peevish. "I just don't get it," rumbled Jimmy. "We've always done better than all right with those Yankee big shots, but KC has been murdering us with the so-called humpty dumpties the Yanks have been fobbing off on them." Superb pitching lifted the **Washington Senators** to a dizzying tie for fifth place. Don Lee, Chuck Stobbs and Rudy Hernandez (a recast Giant outfield prospect) won in relief, and Rookie Jack Kralick shut out the Red Sox. The slender Kralick has been swallowing $50 worth of nutritional supplements a month, has gained 12 pounds and four victories. The **Kansas City Athletics** packed Don (0-5) Larsen off to Dallas-Fort Worth. Larsen joined a long list of Yankee hurlers who came to KC and flopped. Only Johnny Kucks remains—with an ERA of 8.34. The arrival of the Yanks kept the **Boston Red Sox** from passing out of sight. The Sox swept the series, climbed back into the running for seventh place.

Standings: NY 45-30, Clev 43-33, Chi 44-35, Balt 45-38, Det 37-39, Wash 37-39, Bos 30-48, KC 29-48

TEAM LEADERS: BATTING

AMERICAN LEAGUE							
NY	Maris	.365	Skowron	.309	Lopez	.306	
Clev	Kuenn	.310	Piersall	.306	Power	.305	
Chi	Smith	.324	Minoso	.312	Sievers	.279	
Balt	Gentile	.330	Robinson	.278	Woodling	.273	
Wash	Bertoia	.311	Gardner	.294	Lemon	.288	
Det	Cash	.284	Fernandez	.260	Kaline	.248	
KC	Herzog	.279	Siebern	.274	Lumpe	.266	
Bos	Williams	.347	Runnels	.322	Geiger	.305	
NATIONAL LEAGUE							
Pitt	Groat	.320	Clemente	.319	Burgess	.307	
Mil	Adcock	.310	Covington	.302	Bruton	.295	
StL	White	.313	Cunningham	.306	Spencer	.280	
LA	Larker	.335	Howard	.294	Wills	.294	
SF	Mays	.357	Kirkland	.291	Cepeda	.285	
Cin	Post	.306	Kasko	.296	Pinson	.268	
Phil	Walters	.305	Taylor	.299	Herrera	.297	
Chi	Ashburn	.326	Banks	.290	Kindall	.282	

TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING (ERA)

AMERICAN LEAGUE							
NY	Ford	2.93	Turley	3.00	Ditmar	3.09	
Clev	Bell	3.27	Strigman	3.46	Perry	3.50	
Chi	Staley	1.57	Baumann	2.45	Shaw	3.38	
Balt	Fisher	3.31	Barber	3.40	Brown	3.45	
Wash	Stobbs	3.06	Pascual	3.23	Clevenger	3.26	
Det	Bunning	2.44	Mossi	3.12	Burnside	3.34	
KC	Hall	3.62	Daley	3.69	Herbert	3.80	
Bos	Fornieles	2.77	Monbouquette	3.08	Sturdivant	4.29	
NATIONAL LEAGUE							
Pitt	Law	2.52	Face	2.84	Friend	3.00	
Mil	Jay	3.46	Buhl	3.47	Pizarro	3.52	
StL	McDaniel	2.55	Jackson	2.82	Broglio	3.00	
LA	Roebuck	2.03	Williams	2.33	Podres	2.87	
SF	McCormick	2.51	O Dell	2.64	Jones	3.15	
Cin	Brosnan	2.47	Purkey	3.83	Nuxhall	3.93	
Phil	Farrell	2.67	Short	3.18	Buzhardt	3.53	
Chi	Elston	2.75	Ellsworth	3.00	Morehead	3.60	

Boxed statistics through Saturday, July 9

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

GOAT VS. RABBIT

Sirs:

The middleweight division has certainly lost that quality which had made it the most exciting in boxing (*Out with a Snarl*, July 11).

The next step will be to match Fullmer and Pender for the "championship" to see which is the more effective blow—the butt or the rabbit punch.

This subscriber sees little wonder that the fights are going off television (*Friday —And No Fight*, July 11).

JOHN A. TAFT JR.

Sacramento, Calif.

Sirs:

It should be called the "butting championship" instead of the middleweight championship. Let's put a billy goat in training as challenger.

J. G. URQUHART

El Paso

BRAIN VS. BRAWN

Sirs:

Far from merely defending the college athletes from the usual accusations of intellectual idiocy (EDITORIAL, June 27), you seem to swing to the other extreme by implying that the athlete is possessed of even greater intellectual acumen than his nonathletic contemporaries.

To put the matter in better perspective, would it be inaccurate to suggest that the scholastic abilities of college athletes match closely the general run of students, with about the same proportion of honor students and educational bums? Let's cut out the athlete-genius bit.

FRANK BOSCHAN

Seattle

Sirs:

Athletes of the caliber of Tommy Gresham and his schoolmates are scarce. I think you picked a poor example in Georgia Tech. Tech is a specialized school, and the chances of boneheads surviving there are much less than at a number of liberal arts schools. If you wish to present convincing arguments for your editorial point, try finding a few class leaders among the athletes at such strongholds of learning as USC, Oklahoma, Miami (Fla.), N.C. State, Arizona, Auburn, LSU, Kentucky, etc.

JAMES L. COATSWORTH

Honolulu

● Take Auburn, for one. Last season's fullback, Ed Dyas, who stands comfortably ahead of 95% of all his Auburn classmates, both athletic and sedentary, last year racked up a junior year average of 2.53 out of a possible 3.00.

Take LSU, for another. Mickey Mangham, athletic scholarship holder and starting end for the past two years, boasts an average of 2.28 out of a possible 3.00.—ED.

BOLT'S BAD FORM

Sirs:

"Berserk" Bolt (*Boil and Bubbles*, June 27) should have laid his club down and cast himself into the lake.

E. W. RIEBETH

Hardin, Mont.

Sirs:

Regarding Tommy Bolt's form:

Bolt's weight is over too much on his left foot in picture one (*see below*). His backswing is too limited and his stance too wide for good club casting.



U.S. GOLF CLUB CASTING CANDIDATE BOLT

In picture two check inadequate followthrough. This limits the distance of his cast. Also, the right foot is off the ground; this is a serious fault giving rise to "hook" cast, or even to "heeling the cast" (striking member of foursome on the heel).

If Mr. Bolt corrects these faults he may become a member of the U.S. Golf Club Casting Association.

R. H. SOUTH, M.D.
President USGCCA

San Francisco

HATS ACROSS THE BORDER

Sirs:

Olivier Gendebien of Belgium was through Calgary as part of a cross-Canada trip about one month ago. In typical Calgary (Calgary Stampede) fashion, he was presented with a white cowboy hat by the Calgary Sports Car Club.

He promised faithfully to wear it at Le Mans, and to wave it high in the air if he won. Win he did, and wave it he did —and then SPORTS ILLUSTRATED goes and calls it "an American hat" (*Lucky Day at Le Mans*, July 4). The boys here are feeling a bit left out.

BILL GOLD

Calgary, Alta.

BIG LITTLE BEVERLY

Sirs:

I beg to differ with author Roy Terrell. In his article (*The Signing of Danny Murphy*, June 27) he mentioned Beverly, Mass. as "a small town 20 miles north of Boston." The latest estimate has it at some 35,000 people. This small town is also the home of such notables as Harvard crew stroke Perry Boyden, America's Ambassador to the U.N. Henry Cabot Lodge and ex-U.S. women's singles squash racquets champion Eleonora Sears, who established records for long-distance walking long before Britain's Dr. Barbara Moore was ever heard of.

Beverly, birthplace of the American Navy, also sports league champions in tennis and track, was the summer home of President Taft and railroader Henry Clay Frick.

ROBERT L. WHIDDEN JR.

Beverly, Mass.

VIVA VEECK!

Sirs:

Hurrah for Bill Veeck (*Master of the Joyful Illusion*, July 4)! Can he help it if he is the only man in the American League (except Jimmy Piersall) who has a sense of humor?

WILLIAM COX

Indianapolis

Sirs:

It is too bad that there are not more men in baseball the caliber of Bill Veeck. He did not, however, buy the Indians from Ellis Ryan. He bought them from the late Alva Bradley. Ellis Ryan bought the Indians from Veeck.

ROBERT L. ALPERIN

Fresno, Calif.

RUNNER AND RULES

Sirs:

Putting John Kelley on the marathon team now (EDITORIALS, July 11) would mean putting a man off the team who has earned the right to be on it, according to the rules. For Kelley, we all agree it was unfortunate. For Bob Cons, the committee voted that anything else would be unfair.

JOHN T. CORE
Olympic Track &
Field Committee

Richmond, Va.

Sirs:

BLISTERS CAN HAPPEN, TOO, IN ROME'S HOT HUMIDITY.

CHUCK SHELTON

Indio, Calif.

Good Looking,

Good Reading

Is Cuba under Castro turning Communist? With Havana less than an hour from the mainland, that question must concern all Americans. This week LIFE Associate Editor Keith Wheeler supplies some realistic if unpleasant answers. You won't want to miss this on-the-spot report from a once friendly nation that is rapidly becoming a security threat to all the Americas.





More and more families get in the swim in their own backyards. Six cool color pages show you home pools of varied sizes, shapes and prices.



Photographer George Silk's ingenious use of photo finish camera techniques at the U.S. Olympic trials adds a new dimension to sports reporting.



In Part V of the series on how democracy is faring in the world, LIFE shows the ups and downs of self-government in Pakistan and Thailand.

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PAT ON THE BACK



ANDOVER CREW

'The gamble paid off'

These relaxed young sailors have reason for their smiles: they have just won the schoolboy sailing championship of the U.S. Individually, they are Mark Foster, alternate Eric Mueller, Skipper Nicholas Kip and John Weidenhammer. Collectively, they comprise the Phillips Andover Academy crew, victor over second-place Gunnery, third-place Deerfield and Williston and 21 other private-school crews in the 25th annual Interscholastic Yacht Regatta, sailed over Manhasset Bay, L.I.

The three-day competition was for the cup offered by Clifford Mallory in the 1930s as a stimulus to schoolboy racing. Andover was a preregatta favorite but, with a third and a seventh in the first two championship races, had to have a first in the third and final race to win.

Skipper Kip and his crew took a long chance. They posted their Manhasset Bay One-Design sloop on the end of the starting line closest to shore, hoping that stronger breezes there would compensate for greater sailing distance. They did, and Andover won the title by a quarter of a point. "We decided to gamble," Kip grinned, "and the gamble paid off."



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

When they say "Go fly a kite" in Jamaica... they're not kidding!

1. "Jumping from a cliff with a beach umbrella wouldn't scare me at all after this Jamaican high-jump," writes Simon Khoury, an American friend of Canadian Club from Cypress Gardens. "I'm an old hand with water skis and big kites, but managing both at 30 m.p.h. *and* leap frogging an island was more than I bargained for. Without warning, the kite filled with wind and yanked me 100 feet in the air. I went up like a shot. Only then did I see I was headed straight for the island's tower!



2. "The boom camera attached to the kite was a threat to my balance. What's more, I had a long way to go. From take-off to landing was over a mile. And up where *I* was going, one mistake could be my undoing!



3. "As I swooped toward the tower, a strong blast forced me up and I managed to clear it with inches to spare. Almost as suddenly, I lost altitude. What with surface winds and blinding spray, it was pretty much touch and-go until my skis slapped water at last.



4. "Back on my own two feet at the nearby Arawak Hotel, I joined in a toast to happy landings past and future. The drink? Happily, it was my old favorite, Canadian Club."

Why this whisky's world-wide popularity? Canadian Club has a flavor so distinctive, no other whisky tastes quite like it. And that's not all. Of the world's great whiskies, the *lightest* are Scotch and Canadian. What's more, Canadian Club is *lightest of them all.* This happy combination means you can stay with it all evening long—in cocktails before dinner, highballs after. Try it tonight.



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Can a cigarette make you feel like that? We wouldn't kid you. But an Alpine can sure taste good when you're feeling low or wishing you were somewhere you aren't.

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go to Alpine...it will do a lot for you